19 The Twenty Cen
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Magazine

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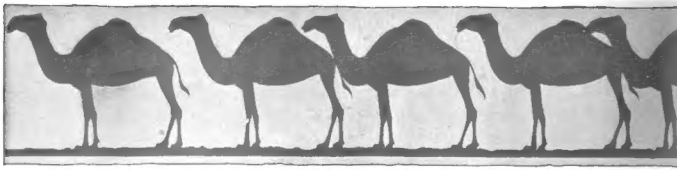

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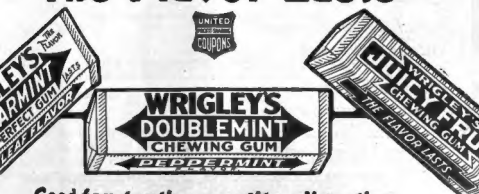

Good for teeth, appetite, digestion.

December Red Cross Ma

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A LITTLE ADDRESS TO OUR READERS

THIS issue of your magazine does n't resemble any you've ever seen before. Because of the printing strike in New York it was produced under extraordinary handicaps. The type is smaller and the arrangement somewhat altered. Set up at a distance, edited by mail and wire, it contains errors and omissions that would be unpardonable otherwise.

It is late but here it is before your eyes and that will mean a lot to those who appreciate the difficulties that stood in its way. For its lack of perfection we beseech the indulgence of our subscribers. The January number will also be a little late in reaching you but it will be printed under nearly normal conditions. After that things ought to go on as before.

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE DECEMBER, 1919 VOL. XIV, No. 12

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The Red Cross Magazine

THE NIGHT OF PEACE

"THE NIGHT" must have been very still and very peaceful. From all the pictures and script you get no suggestion that the Shepherds or the Wise Men spoke a word. All was quiet in the stable. The unquenchable impression coming from childhood down is that of a sweet silence — except for the far off quiring angels, as if the stars were singing together in the mystic spaces of heaven. The very thought is a balm to the spirit.

It seems good and healing to us to go back to those wonderful first days when faith and hope were fresh and fragrant, when souls were simple and believing, when men and women followed the call without question.

Something came into the lives of thousands and then tens of thousands and then hundreds of thousands — something that wrought miracles.

With this spread of Christ's teaching carried by the far travelled Apostles the minds of men and women were touched with a great faith, their thoughts were absorbed with visions of heaven and holy life on earth. Many gave up earthly desires and ways and devoted themselves to meditation on holy things and to zealous missions and pilgrimages. They lived on a high plane of thought and devotion, difficult now to conceive in its perfect unworldliness.

Their clear belief in a heaven to which they would surely pass, stripped fear from their hearts, gave them a miraculous endurance in hardship and persecution and an unquenchable zeal in carrying their saving faith to distant lands and barbarous peoples.

They suffered torture, accidents of field and flood and bitter defiance, with cheerful resolution. They had hard adventures, narrow escapes; they overcame by their undaunted spirit the opposition of men. They saw about themselves guardian angels, and at times seemed to be saved by the outstretched hand of Christ Himself. As a reward for successful sacrifice they saw His gracious Mother smile upon them in hours of meditation.

To understand we must become as little children and look upon that wonderful phase of the world with unquestioning eyes; with the proper prayer or wish that we may know its spirit and share something of its devotion and faith.

Under the spell of such thoughts we may look out on this troubled world as the disciples looked from their boat upon the stormy sea of Galilee. Would that we might see suddenly in our midst, as they did, the awakened Christ, with outstretched hands calming the storm with the potent words, "Peace, Be Still."

If by some blessed contagion these words should spread through the anguished earth, touching every heart with a great longing for quiet, stripping all for a time of contentiousness in speech and act, perhaps we, too might hear the singing angels as the shepherds did on that first Holy Night.

By John S. Phillips

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Painted by Norman Rockwell.

HAPPY HOUR

By Herbert S. Gorman

WHAT mystery is in the air
That will not let him sleep?
What voices low and sweet and rare
From out the soundless deep?
What footfall comes from far away
To his attentive ears?
What but the coming of a day
That bridges all the years.
His little candle shining far
Might be for men another star.

His hopes are better hopes than ours
Who, troubled with an age
Grown heedless of its greater powers,
Neglect to turn the page
To long forgotten dreams of youth.
His faith is grave and sure
And based upon eternal truth
And love that will endure.
His candle lights our darkened way
To Bethlehem and Christmas Day.

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THE VALLEY OF FAIR PLAY

Unpublished letters of H B. Endicott, George F. Johnson and H. L. Johnson who employ 15,000 workers

THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS ARTICLE BEFORE YOU READ IT.

THE accompanying letters tell in unusually graphic fashion the story of a great business and of the ideals which underlie its success. The first letter is from Mr. H. B. Endicott, President of the Endicott-Johnson Corporation to Miss Ida M. Tarbell in response to her request for information about how he started his career and how he won out. The other letters are from Mr. George F. Johnson and Mr. H. L. Johnson, associates of Mr. Endicott, and were written while he was a dele gate to the Industrial Conference in Washington. They were not primarily intended for publication but it was the good fortune of the Red Cross Magazine to secure from Mr. Endicott permission to present them when they came by chance before the editors. The problem of the relation between employer and workmen is one of the greatest the Country faces today. It is, therefore, with keen satisfaction that these letters are published for they cast distinct light on this situation, and furthermore, they breathe the spirit of good-will towards men which is the spirit of this Christmas tide in which they appear, of the publication which offers them and of the organization back of that publication, the American Red Cross.

H. B. Endicott to Ida M. Tarbell

Washington, D. C.
Oct. 19, 1919.

Dear Miss Tarbell:

AS I understand your request, you would like to have me start from the beginning and give you some idea of our business — how it was established, how it has developed and my own idea of why we occupy what I believe to be rather a unique position at this time in regard to our labor situation. It is impossible to talk about one's self, without appearing (using the slang expression) to have a "big head," but I will try and confine myself, to a few facts which may supply you with the ideas you want.

Leaving high school before I had quite finished my course, I hastened to Boston in search of work. I went into the wholesale district, canvassed the stores on each side of the street, and finally got a position in a wholesale hardware store at 33½c. a day. I worked there ten days. I thought then they were hard employers, and I know now that they were. At the end of ten days, I went to the head of the concern, and told him I was going to leave. He wished to know my reason, and I told him I didn't like the business, and he suggested 'that the sooner I got out the better.

I then took to the street again, and this time obtained a position in a wholesale woolen store at the same salary of $100 a year. There I did porter's work, and errand boy. After nearly a year of this work, a man with whom I was slightly acquainted, told me that he was about to start in the leather business, and that he would be glad to give me a position, if I wished to make a change. This I was glad to do, and went to work for him. I was the only employee he had, so you can imagine the business was not large.

I am not attempting to tell you my entire personal history, but am trying to show you exactly where the present business started, and what it started on. I continued in the leather business until I had saved $1,000, and with the addition of $1,900 which had been left to me by my grandfather, I started in the leather business for myself — at the age of twenty; — this was forty-six years ago. This leather business continued to grow for the next ten years, and at that time I was selling a concern situated at Lestershire, N. Y. quite freely. This concern was Lester Bros. & Co. The two Lester brothers died about that time, leaving the concern in charge of a son of one of the Lesters. He lacked balance, and his advisers, seeing the way the business was headed, recommended that the business be put into a Corporation. This was done, and the concern was called The Lestershire Manufacturing Company with $150,000 capital paid in. I was asked to take some stock in this company, and accordingly took $10,000 worth, and was immediately elected Treasurer. The business then amounted to about $500,000 a year, and they employed about 500 hands, men and women.

I soon found that the capital was n't sufficient to enlarge the business very much, and in fact, as the business had enlarged, I had been obliged to loan the concern money. It seemed to me that if I had to take the largest risk, it would be wise to buy out the rest of the stockholders, which I did, and became sole owner. I satisfied myself, on investigation, that it was a good place to manufacture in. It was well located on both the Delaware & Lackawanna Railroad, and the Erie Railroad, Binghamton being the nearest city — about five miles away. I was satisfied with the location, but not with the Superintendent that was handed down to me, and immediately made up my mind to change. A young man, who had been in charge of one of the small departments, applied for the position. Of course, I had many other applicants. This young man stated that he believed he could make a success. He was perfectly willing not to make any agreement as to salary, but to leave that entirely to me until after he had shown whether or not he was able to fill the position. That spirit won with me: I gave him the position. This young man afterwards became a partner — Mr. George F. Johnson.

The business has grown steadily from that

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time. Some fifteen years after I took active charge of the business, we started the town of Endicott about five miles west of the town which was then known as Lestershire. In this new town we built factories and tanneries. Our business has shown an almost steady increase from $500,000 then up to the present time, and this year our manufacturing output will undoubtedly be between $80,000,000 and $100,000,000 and from making 500 or 600 pairs a day, we are now making at least 75,000 pairs a day. We have, within the last three months, bought between 1,000 and 2,000 acres of land, west of Endicott, where we shall build additional factories and tanneries, and houses which our help can obtain on a cost basis either by purchasing or renting. These will all be individual houses with land — at least a quarter of an acre, perhaps a half.

During all this time (about thirty-six years) there never has been the suspicion of a labor trouble. I feel that I can speak quite freely in regard to this, as to George F. Johnson's ability and vision must be placed the entire credit for establishing the policy of square dealing with the help, and establishing it on such a basis that there could be no doubt in the hearts of any of the workmen or women of the sincerity of the policy which has been pursued. Mr. Johnson has been ably seconded by all of our Junior partners, or as they are now 'our Directors'— we having changed the private concern of Endicott, Johnson & Co. into a Corporation April 1st of this year, and the capital which started originally at $2,500 is now between $30,000,000. and $40,000,000.

George F. Johnson, who established the policy of "square dealing with the help" that has won out.

First, in my judgment, it would be absolutely impossible for any man, or body of men, to create absolute confidence between employer and employee, unless the man, who had the say in the labor policy, had it really in his heart to better the conditions of the so-called laboring man. This feeling Mr. Johnson has to the highest degree, and this really tells the whole story. It is a safe statement to make that there isn't a man, or woman, in our entire organization, who does not thoroughly believe that he can receive justice; there is not one person, no matter how small his position, out of the whole 15,000 of our present force, but knows he can go directly to the head of the concern if he feels that any injustice is being done. One might suppose that in a business as large as this, it would be a physical impossibility but, as a matter of fact, the subforemen, and the lieutenants all down the line, know very well the right that any man has to go to the top, and therefore, knowing this these lieutenants are very careful that they do justice in all cases, large or small.

The men most directly instrumental in urrying out Mr. Johnson's labor policies, under him, are first, his brother, H. L. Johnson, who has the complete control of all the factories situated in Johnson City, Lestershire having changed its name to Johnson City, a few years ago, and second his son, George W. Johnson, who is in control of the tanneries at Endicott. Their efforts are ably seconded by Chester B. Lord, who is in charge of the Selling Department, and Eliot Spalding, who has the entire financial part of the business to attend to, and who is Treasurer of the Company.

And my son, Wendell Endicott, carries out the same liberal labor policies in the New York Store, of which he has charge, that have been inaugurated at the factories at Johnson City and Endicott.

These men live in the towns of Endicott and Johnson City. Their children go to school with the children of the employees', they attend the same churches, and they are interested in the same sports; in other words, they know the thoughts and the ambitions of the so-called working man, they take part in his joys, and know about his sorrows. In fact, they are "behind the scenes at all times."

Of course, we have established playgrounds for the children, swimming tanks, baseball parks, dance halls, race tracks, football parks, tennis courts (lighted at night), libraries, club rooms, and many other things, but it is my judgement that the real thing is the personal touch — the others follow as a natural course. These others are established because they really help the employees to enjoy their lives, and to encourage them in every way to live good, clean, wholesome lives. It certainly is a good business proposition, because, in my judgment, there is all the difference of a profit or a loss whether or not the men and women working for the concern are happy and cheerful, or whether they are disgruntled and irritable.

We believe first in the 'Fat Envelope' — any amount of playgrounds, etc. are wasted without this necessary adjunct. Any employer who puts in all these things with the idea of taking it out of the pay-roll is bound to lose any advantage by so doing.

We have large restaurants connected with all our factories and tanneries, large cold storage plants, which enables us to take advantage of the food market, and also to obtain the very best in the wholesale market. We furnish meals to about 10,000 people three times a day, perhaps more than 10,000 at noon, and less for breakfast and supper. We furnish a full course meal for 15c. This was the price before the war. It is a full course meal of good quality, consisting of meat, at least two kinds of vegetables, bread and butter, tea, coffee or milk, pudding or pie. With the rise in the cost of foodstuffs we, of course, lose money today. We probably lost on the restaurants last year some $200,000 and we will undoubtedly lose more than this this year, but we have believed that even with the loss this was one of our best investments — for our help being well fed give us better and more efficient work, and it adds greatly to their contentment.

It is perhaps rather amusing, but we raise our own pigs, and provide our own pork for our restaurants, and have on hand always some 200 pigs. These pigs are fed from the restaurant.

We furnish free medical aid to not only our workers, but to their entire families. We have first-class hospital accommodations and first-class first-aid rooms, and also doctors in constant attendance in the factories and tanneries.

We have our own Fire Prevention Companies, and have our regular fire drills, and we do everything possible to look after the safety of our help in case of sudden fire.

One of the best things, I believe is one that our help have done for us, was when they established the E.-J. Workers' Magazine, which they edit and run entirely themselves. In this magazine they can put any of their grievances, say anything they desire about any member of the concern, or any body else, and, of course, anything else they care to say for the good of the business. I think it is one of the best things, because it is so much better if anybody has anything in his mind where he thinks any injustice has been done him to get it out of his mind and into the sunshine, rather than keep it in and allow it to grow. This magazine does away with

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the danger of the "dark thoughts" being suppressed.

We ask for suggestions from every body in our employ, for anything that will help the business, and it is perfectly wonderful the valuable suggestions we get. We, of course, pay for those suggestions. I happen to know that the other day we paid a laborer $5,000 in cash for a thought which was very valuable to us.

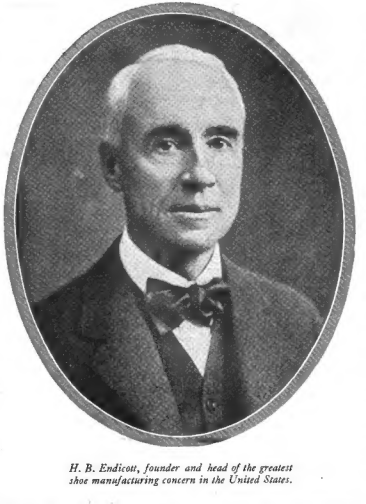
Our help have never asked, or suggested, any shop councils, or any collective bargaining, or have never apparently been willing to have any unions within their ranks. Many labor leaders have visited our plants, and the honest ones say that we are doing for our help what they are striving to do.

I think the last Labor Day was a fair example of the labor conditions in the Valley. Without any thought, or suggestion of any kind, on the part of any of the Directors of the Company, the employees themselves decided to have a celebration, which was gotten up, as they stated, 'to show their appreciation of George F. Johnson for his kindness and thoughtfulness covering thirty odd years of constant association with some of them, and of course his association more or less during that time with all of them.' It took the form of a parade with every department of every factory, and every tannery represented by men and women marching in costumes, and with banners — all complimentary to George F. Johnson and the Endicott-Johnson Corp.— with barges and floats of all kinds, and eleven bands; probably 12,000 of our employees marched.

I did not see this celebration myself, but afterwards saw it in the moving picture show which, when you visit our factories and tanneries, you must be sure and insist upon seeing. The employees paid all expenses. I think this ended up with a big celebration in the evening. I was at the factories ten days after the celebration, and the arches remained. What impressed me, as much as anything, was the motto on the arch as you enter Johnson City from Binghamton — this read "The Entrance to the Square-Deal Town."

Please don't think from this letter, for a moment, that we don't have our business troubles, but thanks to the absolute confidence that has been established at that end of our business, we do not have the usual labor troubles to add to our others.

George F. Johnson was born in Plymouth, Mass. and worked in a shoe factory there; he had a common school education. His father and mother were old New England stock — his father served as a Captain in the Civil War. He left Plymouth, and went to Milford to work in a shoe factory. He was then hired by the concern of Lester Bros. & Co. to go to Binghamton, where their factories were located, to take charge of a small department known as the 'treeing room.' There he remained until I found him, or he found me.



H. B. Endicott, founder and head of the greatest shoe manufacturing concern in the United States.

H. L. Johnson, his brother, was Assistant Postmaster at Plymouth, but after our business increased, my experience with the Johnson blood so far had been so satisfactory, that I urged that he be brought to help. He, of course, had had no experience in manufacturing, and no experience in handling men, but he came in as a boy, learned the business, and worked his way up.

As a matter of fact, our absolute policy is to take no outside men for important positions,— every important position must be filled by some one within our ranks. Therefore, it is perfectly plain that any one working for us has an opportunity to become anything that he cares to make, or is bright enough to make, of himself, because we are constantly starting new additions, or new factories, or new tanneries, all of which have to be manned by superintendents, subforemen, etc.

Yours very truly,

ENDICOTT-JOHNSON CORP.

H. B. Endicott, *President.*

HBE.B

P. S. I forgot to state that many years ago the name of "The Lestershire Manufacturing Co." was changed to Endicott, Johnson & Co.

H. L. Johnson to H. B. Endicott

Johnson City, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1919.

Dear Mr. Endicott:

Replying to your letter, I first wish to thank you for the opportunity you give me to express my views in regard to the relations of labor and capital. I prefer not to call them theories, but to give them to you as a result of the little knowledge I have accumulated on this subject by personal contact, day in and day out, with our working partners, big and little, all over the works.

The application of the terms "Capital and Labor" to this subject is in itself mischievous because, in using these terms, we place the two parties in two different camps, each with their own individual, selfish interest, supposedly antagonistic, and we build up, in our minds immediately, a difference, which should not exist, and which we are *all working, night and day, to break down.*

I like the terms we use in our own business much better, namely "directors and workers," — capital being what we *both use* as a very necessary tool to success, and labor representing what we *must all do* if we are, with the help of capital, to produce *real* wealth.

I feel strongly that lack of confidence each in the other, due to errors of the *past* and *present*, is creating all the mischief that is abroad in our country today, and is giving to the radicals their power with which to upset working conditions everywhere. If those having money to invest and seeking an adequate return, would sit down one hour daily with a perfectly open mind and discuss *with those who are working so hard for them* the problems with which the worker has to deal, it would not take long to commence to apply the *real* remedy. Workers, as I have found them, are not materially different from you or me,—they have the same ambitions, the same desires,— they are equally as honest,— up to their opportunity, just as intelligent, and just as anxious to do the right thing. Their problems are many and varied, they change hourly — they cannot be met by any rule, or set of rules,— certainly, not by any arbitrary rules. Industry that owes so much to them, must in turn be willing to grant a great deal to them. I am not speaking of wages alone, notwithstanding they are important; but working conditions, housing conditions and cost of living with which they are surrounded, are quite as important. It may have been possible in the old days to employ a few men at some given task, to require *much of them* for a *small return* and to "scrap" them as often as occasion seemed to warrant, but in any big industry this is absolutely impossible. The industry cannot afford either to have the workers dissatisfied, unhappy or restless, nor can it afford, having received the best a man had to give over a term of years, to ignore its obligations to him to see that he is given a chance all during his active years, and to go down to old age with something in life worth while.

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Personally, I have never found the workers unreasonable, speaking broadly. On the contrary, they have been slow to ask for many things to which they were *fairly entitled* without asking. If listened to with an open mind and allowed to state their case with the reasons therefor, they are usually found to be *conservative, reasonable, and fair.* Adjustments must be made continuously, and always according to the merits of the case, and never because of fear or favor.

Employment of workers should be a fair field for all, and promotion always from the ranks, so that all the workers may understand they are to begin in the more lowly positions, and may advance as they have opportunity and show the necessary ability.

Workers *should be represented in the management,* and *in the Board of Directors,* not necessarily with a man from the ranks of today, but fairly represented by *someone* who has their interests really at heart, and in whom they have implicit confidence. They do not ask to be heard in the Board of Directors — at least, I do not believe they will ask that unless they feel that they are misrepresented and that their cause is not receiving its share of the Company's attention. I think our workers are very happy to leave their representation to our Directors in the hands of Mr. George F. Johnson and after him I think they would be willing that I should represent them, but they *must be represented,*— they cannot be *overlooked or ignored* and their *interest kept in sight of.*

If I were to state in order things to be considered by the Board of Directors, I would state, first, the interest of the workers, their conditions and their wages.

Now, to properly represent them, a man must understand them, and to understand them he must come in contact with them daily, and have their interests really at heart, — not because he has got to satisfy them to keep in operation, although that is true, but because it is his moral obligation, assumed when he takes over the conduct of a business, to take care of the interests of each and every worker who helps him build up the enterprise.

I cannot speak with authority in regard to capital, but my association with labor prejudices me to their point of view. Capital has been arrogant, selfish, brutal and unreasonable and altogether at fault, in many, many instances and while it may be plain and doubtless is true, that labor, badly led, has been equally as arrogant, selfish and brutal, it is a fact that capital, having within its ranks, supposedly, the broad-minded, intelligent, most successful men of affairs, labor has expected it to lead the way, and not block the way.

H. L. Johnson, who has complete control of all the factories now situated at Johnson City.

If Endicott-Johnson has any advantage over the average industry in its treatment of the workers, it is because we have always considered the workers' point of view, and realized something of the tremendous fight the average working man or woman has to put up to get any semblance of a "square deal." In thus so strongly defending the workers, I do not disguise the fact of their having been led into many errors,— into shiftless ways of working and shiftless ways of living,— into a desire for much pay and little work, a longing for the places of ease and the "soft snaps," a desire for some of the luxuries, and idleness of their richer neighbors, but I do feel that they have been set a very bad example by those who, having acquired a measure of success and with it its natural penalty, money, have let up in their efforts to improve what they have and given themselves over to an insane desire to get more.

Finally, I have come to love the working people,— those who by work, sweat and grind of toil, produce all the wealth in the world. I do not underestimate their faults, but I do say before we shall have industrial peace, the interest of the workers must be cared for, and if they are cared for, the method by which they are cared for is not important. What the industrial world needs today is contact with the workers, and sympathy for their needs, and a sincere desire to provide them. Unless "capital" as such, approaches the problem from that standpoint, I do not see why they will not continue to antagonize the workers instead, and, having done so, receive their antagonism as a reward. The heart of labor being right, it will respond to right treatment, and it will resent unjust and unfair treatment.

I hope we may be able to continue to solve these problems correctly by continuous consideration of them before they become real troubles, exactly as you would treat a sick person, and not wait until they were beyond recovery.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) H. L. JOHNSON.

Geo. F. Johnson to H. B. Endicott

Endicott, N. Y.
Oct. 6th, 1919.

Dear Henry:

In regard to workers having representation on Industrial Board, I do not recall stating to you that I had any objection. In fact, I do not think it is important whether they have or have not.

The *less* "Boards of Directors" have to do with Labor, the better for the Company. A Board of Directors have their proper place in an "Incorporated Industry," but if they interfere with the management of Labor, they do more harm than good. Better keep "Boards of Directors" (as such) as far from the factories as possible. Put the control of Labor into competent hands, and let the Directors disappear, so far as the *management* of Labor is concerned.

I haven't found, in my experience, that working men agree any better among themselves, than they agree with their employers. A worker on a "Board of Directors" is as likely to become unpopular with his fellow-workers — and I rather think more so — than are other Members of a "Board of Directors." I do not think, therefore, it is important. It does not answer any of the causes of discontent.

It is important that confidence be established between the workers and managers in charge. This can only be done by a constant application of the "Square Deal." This means hard work. It means giving up so-called "valuable time." It means patience, and an honest desire to be fair.

"Hired men" representing Corporate interests, who are subject to control by phone and wire, from large cities, will have, in my opinion, more or less unsatisfactory results. "Long distance control" is a great element of discord.

I believe it is something for each one to work out. There are underlying principles, which, if applied to every Industry, would bring better results; but there are local conditions also, which must have careful consideration, and can not have such consideration, *except on the ground.*

I believe the *ideal* industrial conditions can only be created in one way. (Please note I am saying (*Continued on Page 61*

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THE OVAL MIRROR

By Walter Prichard Eaton

Illustrated by John Wolcott Adams

"It's a beautiful thing," said Miss Alice. "Can you remember how we climbed upon the Empire sofa to look into it when we were little?"

IT was a splendid oval mirror, gilded with true gold leaf and topped by an eagle, a prime example of the decorative arts which flourished in America a century or more ago. Its intrinsic value as an "antique" was considerable, but its value to the Misses Porter, in whose grandfather's drawing room it had originally hung, was not to be reckoned in terms of money. It was a link with the treasured past.

The Misses Porter were not young, and they were the last of their race to bear the family name. Nor were they rich. Far from it. They dwelt now in a small flat in an eastern city, and as rents rose and costs rose, they reduced their charities, they remade their best silk dresses, they stayed at home from church when it was too stormy to walk, and Miss Alice, the younger, who was only sixty-five, often said to Miss Bessie, her senior by four years, that she really did believe she could get something to do, "something regular," if she only knew how to go about it.

The Misses Porter could remember when Christmas had been a great occasion, in the old mansion near far downtown and converted into a fur factory. There were glittering gifts and a vast pudding flaming blue with brandy, and holly from the South, and guests galore. Now there were only a cousin or two to send them a remembrance, or for them to remember, and a cousin's daughter, Lucy, a girl they had watched grow up, and on whom they poured out, with a curious shyness, their virgin love. Lucy had been married during the year, and lived now in another city. She had written to them all about her house. She was collecting old pieces to furnish it with. She wanted, she said, to make it as much like *their* old house, which, they had told her about so often, as she could. She sent Fred's photographs of the interior, to ask for their suggestions. All this pleased them immensely. They told each other what a dear child Lucy was.

Then Christmas drew near. It was a time of sadness for them. One of their few investments had passed its dividend. To make such presents as they used to do had long been impossible, but now they did not see how they could make any at all. Yet Lucy *must* be remembered!

"We might send her that framed sampler you did down in Miss Marchant's school," suggested Alice. "I hear old samplers are now much sought after."

"Of course she can have that *any* time, if she wants it," Miss Bessie replied. "But give that old thing for *Christmas*! Don't be foolish, Alice."

Miss Alice glanced around the little room, and caught a glimpse of her own gray hair in the old mirror. It was very gray. She put her hand up to it.

"I'm tired of seeing how gray my hair is," said she.

Her sister, who quite understood, only said, "Your hair is still very pretty, Alice. It always was."

"Could we?" Miss Alice half whispered. "After all, Lucy's all we've got. Of course, it's worth money if we ever had to sell it."

"Sell it? Sell it?" — Miss Bessie almost rose from her chair. "If we ever have to sell our things, we won't *care* what becomes of us! We ought to mark Lucy's name on the back of it right now."

"But she'll never enjoy it so much as this year, when she's just fixing up her own little new house," said the other.

"Grandfather Porter brought it home for grandma on their first anniversary," said Miss Bessie.

"It's a beautiful thing," said Miss Alice. "Can you remember how we climbed up on the Empire sofa to look into it when we were little?"

"I wish we had the sofa to send her, too," said Miss Bessie.

"Do you suppose they can pack it so it won't break?"

"We could wrap it in the old figured quilt — she'd like that," the other replied.

When the packer came, two excited old ladies hovered over him, their blue-veined brows puckered with anxiety, insisting that he use the quilt under his burlap.

Miss Alice trotted in to her bureau, to bring him his pay. When he had gone, she put her purse carefully back.

"We'll have to do without meat, sister, for a while," she said.

"I eat too much meat," the elder one replied. "There's a hole on the wall."

"We can easily move the Stag at Bay and Saint Jerome nearer together," Miss Alice reassured her, climbing carefully on a chair, and poking at the picture hooks with an umbrella.

"There!" she exclaimed, "Now I won't have to look at my gray hair every time I turn around."

"I do hope Lucy will like it," the other mused.

"She will, I'm sure," said Miss Alice. "Oh, if it should get broken! They're so careless, those expressmen."

On Christmas morning a telegram came. Miss Alice opened it with trembling fingers.

"Oh, quick! If somebody should be dead!" her sister cried, a hand to her bosom.

Then she saw a smile on Miss Alice's face, and took the yellow paper from her.

"You two darlings," she read. "You unselfish, wonderful darlings! Fred says you ought to be ashamed to be so generous. Merry Christmas and lots of kisses and you are coming to see us soon, to tell us if it is hung right. Lucy."

Miss Bessie smiled, too.

"It's *much* more than ten words," she remarked presently, "Lucy should n't be so extravagant."

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Don't let's be pikers in spreading happiness. Follow

POLICEMAN SANTA CLAUS

By Frazier Hunt

Illustrated by J. E. Allen

WHENEVER I look back now and pick out the real glory Christmas of my world I think of a New York Police station, with a big cop sweltering in red trick pants and a cotton beard, as a Santa Claus, and five hundred hungry, heart starved little kids laughing and smiling and cheering and being just plain happy.

Most of us are pikers when it comes to Christmas, because we do things for people just with money — and that's a piker's way. A fellow's got to give time and hours of comfort and ease and thought and actually deprive himself of something he likes if he really means it. And these New York cops really did mean this Christmas-for-kiddies business.

I can still close my eyes and see those five hundred kids at the East 22nd Police Station, packed like canned cherries in the big back room, while up on an improvised stage Patrolman Patrick Monahan was dancing and singing his heart out just to make them laugh. Over on one end stood a great Christmas tree loaded to the gills with lights and cotton snow and tinsel and presents and in every square inch of the big station house where there were n't hungry, poor, happy children there were beaming, great hearted cop hosts; no, not every inch, because I've forgotten about the tired mothers with their arms full of little brothers and sisters who, too, were finding this Christmas Day the finest of all their cheated years.

And right now I can see a big lieutenant of police — a big fat cop you'd have called him any other day of the year but this — bending over a ragged, dirty, little boy who was crying because he could n't see all the show. So the big Irishman lifted him up and gave him the best seat in the house on his shoulder. And right next him stood a certain writing man I happen to know very intimately who was sniffling and blowing his nose like a fool baby.

Somehow I really can't make up my mind whether to make the heroes of this story the cops or the kiddies or Christmas or big warm, fake-cold New York City itself — or maybe a certain clean-cut, youngish, ex-schoolmaster who for a period of four years was known as New York's finest Police Commissioner. Maybe I can combine them as an all-star cast and throw in a few Christmas trees and a lot of Yuletide spirit with 10,000 great Irish cop hearts to beat the music.

But I'm getting my grand finale before my first act so we'll have to start the show all over again. Orchestra, play a Christmas carol! Now, up with that curtain.

TIME: One week before Christmas — any old year.

SCENE: Poor, run-down-at-the-heel street in a New York tenement district. Snow falling. Cop in uniform hustles up tenement house steps at left and knocks at door. Door opened by scared woman with three kids clinging to her skirts.

LADY: "My God! What's Jimmy gone and done now?" she half whispers to herself. Then aloud: "What — what's the matter, Mister?"

COP: "How many children you got?"

LADY: "Three — no four; Jimmy — Jimmy's away right now. He ain't really bad, Mister — honest, it's just the gang he's running with."

COP: "I ain't carin' nothin' about Jimmy; what I want to know is how many kids you got right here — you know us cops is givin' a Christmas party for all the children in the precinct and we want all your little ones to come over——That's all I want——Now don't go crying like that——Jimmy'll be all right when he gets a little older——You just tell me the names of these three here and how old they are, and then Christmas afternoon along about three o'clock you bring them over to the station house and everybody'll have the greatest time in their lives——And there's sort of liable to be something for you there too, and——"

But I don't want to be a dramatist any longer — this play sort of sticks in my throat and won't come out — all I want to do is just to tell the real story of what New York cops are doing at Christmas time for the poor, unfortunate children in their different precincts. And in doing this I'll help prove that America does have a great, beating heart and despite wars and strikes and class discontents and the unrest in the souls of men that God's still in His heaven and all's right with the world.

After all, things could n't be so very wrong with this old world when cops give the most precious thing they have just to make unknown poor children happy — when they give their priceless hours off. That's what most of the 10,000 of New York's Finest did give, for in the first place it was a good week's job to take the kid census of their different districts. They had to do all this on their hours off — and a cop who's been walking beat all day or all night or doing a swing on a busy corner has had about all the walking and foot exercise that he's hankering for.

At the same time there was the question of collecting the presents for the children; and the idea was, besides the toys and the candy, to give things that would be really useful and would help out the worn and skimpy wardrobe of most of the city's poor. At the very birth of the idea early in December of 1916 the then Commissioner of Police, Arthur Woods, told a meeting of officers assembled to discuss the Christmas proposition, that several rich people in the city had offered to underwrite and finance the whole expense, if necessary. But the police decided unanimously that each precinct and station would take care of its own expense and raise the money and presents within its own district.

This meant that the cops had to get together somewhere between $50,000 and $100,000 worth of money and goods from any and all available sources. All this in turn meant more tramping and more precious hours-off and less play and less time with their own kiddies at home. But just as cops go about doing a lot of kindly fine things that nobody credits them with so did they slip around and get together at each station house the makings of a grand and glorious Christmas party. This store keeper gave five dozen pairs of children's stockings; that firm a check for $25; this factory 100 pounds of mixed candy; that big department store orders for suits or shoes or what not.

It was n't long before the stuff began to roll in at the different station houses and the last week before Christmas the big back room where cops loaf and play dominoes and answer their roll call and inspection was so loaded down with boxes and packages that it looked like the delivery room in a department store. Then one afternoon some of the patrolmen's wives and daughters came over to the station house and started packing up the bags.

(Some Christmas I'm going to look around and get me a job packing Christmas sacks. It occurs to me this second that there would n't be any job in the world quite as fine as that — figuring out what to put in for this family and this little girl and that tiny boy. I bet a fellow could get forgiven for a lot of stuff if he'd just put in one afternoon packing Christmas sacks for poor kids.)

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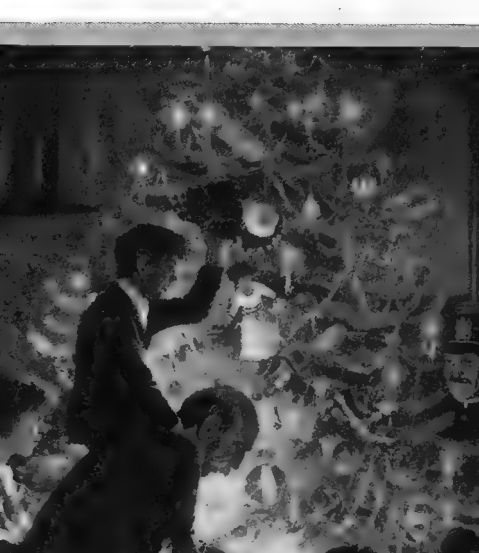

"A big lieutenant of police— ragged, dirty little boy who w he could n't see all of the s Irishman lifted him up and seat in the house on his should

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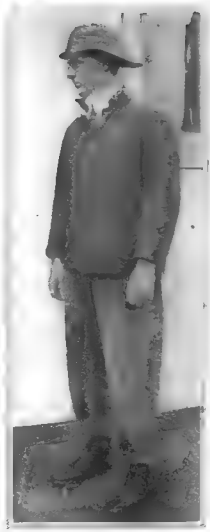
BELL OF THE IRON RANGE

By Francis R. Bellamy

IN the wild, free almost primeval life of the regions where the treasures of the earth are stored, humanity is found in the raw. It is susceptible of great good or of fierce evil according to the channel into which Chance directs it. Here is the story of a young man who, with courage and confidence, is playing the role of Chance among the men, women and children of the Mesabe. His task is formidable but to him that merely makes the ultimate triumph more to be desired. He is winning.



William J. Bell, the "Missionary of the Mesabe," who stands at the right, seems to be looking across the page at the miner who represents the type of people he works among.

THAT man cannot live by bread alone, is an old story. That you cannot make a democracy out of dollars, is also an old story.

And yet occasionally people try it. Or perhaps we better say, in the last case, have it tried on them.

Here is a case in point.

One fine morning, in the year 1890, the two Merritt boys, out on a logging trip, came over the brow of a hill about seven miles from Lake Superior and saw before them a great outcropping of pure, red rock. They didn't know it, but they were looking on the death warrant of the northern Minnesota woods. They had discovered the greatest iron range in the world.

That was twenty nine years ago. Today, that spot is surrounded by a hundred thousand people, by busy lines of railroad, by huge open mining pits filled with clanking steam shovels and ore cars, by all the chimneys and power houses and city heaps that go to make up the Mesabe Range.

From this country last year over forty eight million tons of the red iron ore were shipped down the Mesabe railroad, seventy five miles to Duluth, loaded on the great ore boats along the lake, and started on their journey to Cleveland, Buffalo and Pittsburg to be made into steel rails, steel bolts, steel forgings and wire, into shafts, cars, automobile bodies. Over fifty six percent of the world's supply of iron comes out of this industrial empire of the north.

The chances are that every time you ride in a steel pullman, every time you make a call in a steel framework skyscraper, every time you buy a machine shop product, you are indebted to the Merritt boys and the Mesabe iron range of northern Minnesota. The billions of wealth it has produced make even war loans look small. The billions it will produce are uncountable. It is the Croesus of the North.

And yet this is not the story of its pride. This is rather the story of its neglect, of the human canvas behind its magnificent statistics. It is the record of one man's endeavour.

Six years ago, in the spring, if you had chanced to go out from the village of Hibbing on one of the rough, sandy roads that lead to the outpost locations, you would have encountered, swinging along the highway, a browned and husky young fellow of about twenty eight, with a mass of reddish brown hair set above a big, pleasant face.

Slung on his back was a haversack filled with food and a bundle of books, and he was singing.

To the right of the road, he came to where lay a log house, surrounded by a small field of winter wheat and a spaded garden, the whole looking like some old farmer's memory of New England youth, set in this country of endless stumps and underbrush and small forest, stretching mile after mile without contrast. Toward this he directed his steps across the black earth, and knocked on the slab door.

A chickset foreigner, in blue overalls, opened the door and stared at him suspiciously.

"What do you want?" he said with a decided accent.

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The young fellow unslung his sack.

"Selling Bibles," he announced cheerfully. "Finn, Italian, Polish —"

The eyes of the foreigner grew harsh.

"I got no use for your Bible," he said gruffly.

"Can't you read?" demanded the young fellow.

"Yes —" There was a smouldering light in the man's eyes now. "But I don't want no lies. The church, it don't like me. And I — I don't like the church!" He seemed to be on the point of bursting into some sharp retort. He flung open the door, instead, pointing at the bare interior, the cheap chairs, the poverty stricken bed. "I got nothing for the priest here!" he said angrily. "My belly — that is my religion!" He seemed seized with a sudden thought. "My God?" he said. "Do you want to see my God?"

The Bible seller appeared interested.

"Why, yes," he said pleasantly.

The foreigner strode through the rude room, and flung open an inner door, leading to the kitchen, where an old iron stove lay crazily against the wall. Over by the wall, beside a makeshift wooden sink, stood a poor looking, thin faced woman, with a gray wisp of hair knotted on top of her head.

The man put the toe of his boot to the oven door, and flung it open heavily.

"There!" he said hoarsely. "There is my God — Bread!"

That was William J. Bell's introduction to the iron range.

A Minnesota boy himself, he had been born and brought up in Fergus Falls, down in the southern part of the state, where once had lived Frank Higgins, the famous sky-pilot of these northern Minnesota woods. To most Americans, Frank Huggins lived only in the pages of a once widely read magazine article, a picturesque character who lived in the woods with the lumber-jacks, a red blooded God-fearing man who brought Christ to the men of the logging camps, and inspired a well known novel.

But to Bell, as a boy in Fergus Falls, Higgins was a man of flesh and blood, a man of everlasting inspiration, the hero of his boyish hours. From the time he grew up, there was never any doubt in his mind over what he would choose as a career. Another skypilot! That was his dream.

In place of the camps and the lumberjacks had come a great spilling over of the melting pot of industrial America, flooding the woods of the north with the voices of the city slums, spreading out into one great splotch fifteen by ninety miles.

The day Bell realized what had happened, he saw his opportunity at once. Almost overnight he applied to his Presbyterian Home Board in New York for a year's fellowship to study the range. There wasn't any such fellowship, of course, and Bell knew it. But that didn't daunt him. If there wasn't one, one could be made! There would have to be a fellowship!

It is pleasant to record that the very next spring there was. With a pack on his back, then, Bell set out to measure his job. Selling Bibles gets you into all kinds of homes, you see!

For a whole summer, he tramped the range. I wonder do you realize just what that means? It means that he lived in the foreign boarding houses, he slept over the saloons. He went out into the farthest and most forsaken locations. He broke bread in the poorest and most isolated log houses. Eight out of every ten men he spoke with were foreigners. The comforts and pleasures of what we call American life became mere memories to him.

He ran up against all the rawness of frontier life, he experienced all the gross materialism of the I. W. W., he bucked against all the suspicion and clannishness of the foreigner.

He learned just how little influence the average church of the range exerted on the thousands of foreigners in the locations. He learned why the immigrant brought with him an ingrained hatred of church and state. He learned why two thirds of the Finns were banded in Socialist fellowships and temperance unions which they attended in place of church. He learned why the Slavs and the Italians never mixed. He viewed all the sullen, foreign discontent of the range, with its atheism and clannishness.

He found that among the lives of these thousands of foreigners there was probably more genuine bitterness and disappointment, more materialism and hatred, less promise and beauty and hope than in any other similar sized section of these United States. The iron range produced billions. But it was not connected with any large city where any portion of its billions gave any return in the things that wealth makes possible, like theatres and parks, art galleries and fine universities. The wealth of the range was spent in Boston and New York, in Cleveland and Buffalo, in Pittsburg and Chicago. The range itself got none of it, except labour's wage return; it had to content itself with its cheap movies and its company houses, its ore pits and desolate landscape. It was the slums of Pittsburg, with Pittsburg left out. It was Orphan Annie, working in the kitchen of industry.

No one ever intended to stay on the iron range, unless he had to. Except for a few of the Finns who had cleared land and built log houses, not one of the thousands of foreigners had a stake in the country. And except for a few of the Americans, who weren't fifteen percent of the population, not one person had any social conception of America. To the workingmen, America was a man in Cleveland who shut down the mines, and put a sign on the gate that said, "Closed down!"

That was all. He found Finn after Finn who honestly believed and affirmed that Finland was a finer country than the United States in every way. He found man after

Like all men who wrestle with nature, music is one of their great passions and they possess a rare taste and appreciation for it.

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man going to some other part of the United States, taking with him the iron range conception of America. He found red cards plentiful, religion at a low ebb, and citizenship a joke. In other words, he found all the evils of an alien lower class doing the manual labour of a democracy, under the most depressing conditions, while spiritual America slept in its comfortable homes.

The fine schools which the ore taxes built — and they *were* fine, contrasting vividly with the wretched shacks and cheap houses which labour's wage return had built in twenty nine years! – these were offering excellent educational facilities, and yet were plainly not giving any solution. The youth of the iron range did not get very high up in the graded schools. And against the practical character of the schooling there was almost invariably set the influence of a foreign, atheistic home – and the home influence, backed by the industrial environment, usually won out.

In such a position, in such a country, what was a missionary to do?

The problem was one of a life's work. No temporary set of workers, no campaign of any organization from the outside, no flash of enthusiasm was going to succeed with this *thing*. There would be none of the glamour of a foreign country about it, none of the sweep of power that goes with a big city church or organization. It would be a dogged day in and day out work, living mostly in a Ford, and shut off from the world of things, trying to convince foreigners of his sincerity, and America's sincerity, and the everlasting necessity for the Christian ideal — all in face of a forbidding environment. Could he do it?

The bunkhouses of the Northwest are usually unlovely things at best. Consequently out-of-door sports are generally resorted to for recreation and some mighty athletes are developed thereby.

It is a tribute to the man that he looked out the window into that range winter, and said to himself that he could. . . .

Then came the winter — his first winter on the range. It is a long, heartbreaking affair, that range winter, with six feet of snow, and impassable roads, and loneliness for companions. But it gave Bell a chance to tabulate his experiences. And he sat back aghast at his conclusions. Why, his job was going to make the cleansing of the Augean stables look like a pastime for a summer's day! And instead of the abilities of a Hercules, he had a Ford and thirteen hundred a year!

But he set about planning his campaign. The starting point he decided, would have to be the children. To get after the men, he would need a partner who could speak the different languages, preferably a foreign born missionary, and he would have to have a woman who could visit the families. To handle the summer schools and the summer camps, as he got them started, he would need resident workers, too. But he himself would have to supply the energy, keep going the two or three small outlying churches already built and lying idle — and make a continuous bid for the children. And to start with, he would have to set up stereopticon educational centers at seven vital points which he could reach with his Ford each week, and connect the whole thing with a monthly paper which he would have to write and get out himself. His sermons would write themselves.

Some job for one man's brain, wasn't it?

But he didn't stop to worry about that side of it. Instead he hammered at his programme all winter, and he hammered at his Board in New York — dollars come hard from a Board with a continent before it, and only a few thousand precious shekels to spend! — and when spring came he was set, with his New York Board behind him

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The children are like children everywhere in the essentials. Their patriotism and Americanism are quickly developed and as softening influences are brought to bear upon them, they become the nucleus for a better citizenship.

to a modest tune — but, By George, behind him! And he started in.

It is no part of my intention, however, to chronicle here the arrival of his comrades, the wording out of the lectures and the schools, the slow growth of the work as Bell pounded along the desolate roads day after day, and the number of the foreign children grew from seven hundred to a thousand, to thirteen hundred, as the idea took hold of their parents and Bell's sincerity became apparent, and the poor foreigners began slowly to donate a little of their own money to help him along. A poverty stricken parish, that foreign group, but able to recognize a man when they saw one, despite his rusty Ford, his rude buildings and second hand materials, the eternal make-shifts he had to resort to because of lack of funds.

That he had to ring the bell on Sunday night himself, before he preached; that his clothes were dusty from fifty miles of riding — why, that was part of their own lives, too. Bell was one of them.

There is no space available, either, to tell you of the thousand personal incidents, of the dim midnights in his study and his eternal efforts to keep his brain ahead of his task, of the weeks when it seemed as if the outside world had set him down in this land and then forgotten him forever,— nor of the rough men who helped him in his churches although they would not become members and yet hauled the coal and wood for the winters, and bought boats and tents for the summer camps — because they believed in him and his idea even while they avoided the word religion!

All this would fill a volume. The dry record of it is in the files of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions on Fifth Avenue. The important thing is that the outside world had not forgotten him. In that building on Fifth Avenue a group of men watched his efforts with ever increasing interest. Three thousand for the Mesabe! Why, Bell was getting somewhere. But below the Mesabe range lay the Gogebic range, and below that still farther lay Iron River, where almost identical conditions prevailed! This work must be started and duplicated there. The influence of Bell was spreading south!

So from Fifth Avenue, pretty soon, there started out other skypilots to the Gogebic range, to the Iron River range, to Hurley and Caspian and Iron River.

You who live in comfortable houses and apartments, who generalize easily about Americanization and the Anglo Saxon ideal, — I want you to leave behind your Astor roof and the orchestra playing to the imperial sky-line of New York at night, leave behind your clubs and theatres and editorial offices, and board the Manhattan Limited with me for Iron River, spend a few hours in Chicago, and take another sleeper on the Northwestern; and when the track begins to be bare of ballast next morning, and the dusty sand comes in little clouds over everything, and piles of logs appear beside the right of way, descend at a small brick station set in a wilderness. You are in Iron River. And it is six years since Bell started with his pack to tramp the Mesabe.

Dust is blowing in the streets,— dust that washes off red. Off the one paved street, wire-fenced yards defy the cattle and the chickens. Across the railroad, the Labour Hall of the Finns looms, dun, unpainted, giving little hint of the socialist plays which have taken the place of religion and a pastor in Finnish Iron River.

Down the railroad in Caspian, — the Italian Hall of the Duke of the Abruzzi Society, holds sway among the painted houses, as if staring at the poverty stricken yards, at the "blind pigs" on the hillsides, ignoring the dull coloured company houses set on the stripped, lumbered hills across the valley, around the company welfare house with its American and Italian flags.

Everywhere is visible the triumph of America's industrial genius, in the great locomotives, the ore cars, the machinery of the mines,— and everywhere, too, is visible the failure of America's democratic genius in the wretched dwellings and the country tenements, crowded with little foreign children playing in the grassless, flowerless, dusty streets,— everywhere that is, except in one place!

Walk up the street and enter that building on the left, with "Neighborhood House" lettered above its homely door. Yes, there are children here, you know, even before you have gotten inside — the shrill tones of their voices assail you. Children of all degrees of dirt and Americanism, you see in a moment, sitting on long benches, and rough chairs, clustered about tables and boxes, doing all manner of craft work. On the walls of the single square room are three pictures,— Washington, Lincoln and one of Christ. And by the piano is a pretty, slender American girl in her twenties, noticeably different from the black eyed, olive skinned children who surround her so busily.

"Yes," she assures you quickly. "There are fifty nine Italian children in this street alone. And they are a good deal like the Finns in that they all stay together and talk their own language. The winters are so desolate, they all stay shut in the company houses, you know — it's hard to do anything with the older folks. No one really knows what they do think or do. But they let the children come here!"

From somewhere next door comes the unmistakable sound of a kindergarten in full chorus.

"It's the candy store next door," she explains with a smile. "We had to take it for a playground because we couldn't get the yard next us - absentee owner! And then too, the store was a blind pig! They come in yet sometimes accidentally for liquor, and back out rather embarrassedly. The difficulty we're having is using volunteer workers, of course. You can't do anything with foreigners — or any body for that matter — unless you are here to stay.

"But we've got Mr. Lawrence, the company superintendent, back of us here now — you have to have the mining companies

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back of you up here,— and I have a little library, and the children love to come. There are three hundred and twenty children in the town and six Americans. But I've got a hundred and fifty here — and their mothers really want me to keep them the year round.

"It's quite a change. They couldn't understand us at all at first. And you should have seen the house! We had to scrub it from top to bottom before we even dared move in! But we know each other now. So we're going to have a real community neighborhood house. They all want it. The company is giving the land, and our Board in New York is giving thirty five hundred dollars and the other thirty five hundred the people here are going to raise. The place is sound to the core you know if you only give it a chance. We sent men to France from here."

So much for Caspian. Now for Iron River.

Go up the dusty streets past the hotel, to where the wire fenced yards are particularly evident, and pause a moment by the dingy, country church on the left. You can hear the voices of children singing, the moment you stop. It is the Battle Hymn of the Republic, floating out on the clear, northern air, although the day is not Sunday.

"As He died to make men holy
Let us live to make men free!"

Inside, forty little children are sitting on wooden benches, facing the rude altar with its American flag, their attention fastened on a grave eyed woman playing a harmonium.

With the close of the song, a small Finnish child, a boy of about eight, in brown shirt and pants and bare legs, arises.

"It's my turn to carry the flag," he announces belligerently. And solemnly the childish procession files out after him, following the cheap, calico, American flag into the summer streets of Iron River.

The grave eyed woman comes forward with a smile.

"How do you like our summer Bible school?" she asks. "These are just the little ones, of course. We've had to put the older boys and the handcraft work and the hammock making in our own cellar. Don't you think they're sweet?"

She sits down a little wearily on the bench. She has been up since four.

"Yes, it is beginning at the beginning— in every way," she admits. "No one even met us when we came four years ago. We took a hack from the station. I'll never forget my sinking heart when I saw the cracker box that served as steps to the manse. The house hadn't even been cleaned. Every woman with two children of her own knows what that means.

"There wasn't any community house or anything, of course—so we lived in the second floor of our house all summer and gave the first to the children's work. It was a change from Chicago, of course — but the need was so apparent!

"We grew to know the town, too, as the months went by, so it wasn't so bad after we had made some good friends. I think we were always sure of success at the end of the first year, when the trustees looked over the books and found we had given a hundred and twenty dollars of our own twelve hundred toward the work. Iron River was poor, you know, and no one had ever given much toward churches. They've done wonderfully since!

"We only had seventy-five children at first and now we have over five hundred, mostly foreign. Each child gets thirty seven hours of handcraft work, beside the Bible stories and the ethical instruction. We give them daily health lessons and habit talks of course! It's a great melange of teeth brushing and deep breathing and baths and full nights sleep mixed with the rest of it. I think they adore it! And it cost this year, 43 cents a child! Doesn't it show what you can do if you have to?"

Hurry on now, to Hurley — once Hellhole Hurley of the Northwest, with sixty-three saloons, their unpainted ghosts yet lining the main street of the town of two thousand — and get in a Ford with a quick, active man of about thirty, who talks to you as he drives you down the Gogebic range to the town of Ramsay.

"What interests me most," he is saying as the Ford draws up before a new, brightly painted building, "is this community building we've just gotten." He swings his arm out toward the scattered houses of the town, set on the rolling hills covered with second growth trees and ore dumps and mining shafts. "There isn't a family, Swede, Finn, Italian or Polish in this district that hasn't contributed something to this community house. Even Bessemer's shacks gave us two hundred and fifty from a meagre purse.

"It's only in a technical sense that I can be said to run it, because I wanted it in the first place. I hold services in it, but any one can use it by asking the janitor for the key — any religious body or anything else. Italian women's clubs and Polish dramatic clubs and the summer Bible schools — they're all held here beside the Sunday Services, and the basketball contests and the men's clubs. It's democratic. My best assistant is a French girl from Bessemer who brings her own baby while she works."

Inside is a neat kitchen, you notice, a combination theatre and church room, bathrooms and clubrooms.

"It isn't just for children, you see," he adds. "The young people don't have to go to Ironwood or walk the streets any more. It's a good floor for dancing. We've got English classes too, and citizenship classes, gym work, dramatics — we've even got an orchestra! And the foreigners are keen for it all themselves. That's the best of the thing as I see it."

So much for the Gogebic. Let us leave its myriad activities, and start from Duluth for the grey Mesabe and Bell himself, the man who was the pioneer in all this.

You will find him in his little upstairs office, probably, in the corrugated iron building overlooking Mountain Iron. He runs his hands through his bushy hair — he is a dynamo of energy! — as he sits down after welcoming you, his eyes twinkling.

"Are we getting anywhere?" he repeats. "Well, I certainly like to think so. Work of this kind is hard to judge. I find I can't figure it at all in terms of equipment or buildings. It's more in terms of social good-feeling. In fact my endeavour is to use all the social equipment already existing and spend every cent on ideas! The libraries and the librarians are among my best helpers, you know. It takes some time just to learn how to use a democracy. But we have small theatres in the basement of most of our town libraries, on the range.

"Where personal progress is concerned I can be more exact. My aliens gave me thirty five dollars to help out the first year — and this year its sixteen hundred! — a lot of money in these backwoods unless you get it from a company. With the children, all I could muster when I got started was seven hundred. Next year we'll have close to two thousand. That is realizing the programme slowly but surely.

"Then I didn't know a soul when I came — and we've got eighteen hundred families on our lists now,— good, sincere friends of ours. I can put before them at once any proposal from an outside organization which comes in here for a temporary campaign on thrift or Americanization or such things — and they aren't disposed to look on it with suspicion.

"This sounds like blowing our horn, but it's the only way I can answer your question. We understand each other — where before we didn't No one did, in fact.

"With the men, Santella, our foreign speaking missionary, is a wonder. He's a product of the coal mines in Pennsylvania himself, with a spirit in him that has made him educate himself through college, marry a real girl and come out here to make others do what he has done in America. You ought to meet him—he's got a men's club of a hundred and fifty, and going strong!

"He and his kind are our hope, I think, until America herself wakes up to the fact that she has got to make democracy more than a phrase to her immigrants — if she is going to get a new generation of decent citizens. Until then Santella and the young people who have grown up since I came here have got to hold the fort for—us anyway.

"To me that's the whole story—the coming up of these fine people from the foreigners themselves, and sinking of a work devoted to a church organization into a whole-souled pushing on of the idea alone, regardless of machine — and the final merging of the thing into a social, community, American, Anglo-Saxon ideal, with America ceasing to worship machinery and the dollar.

"I think it's worth working for—and I am as sure of its possibilities today as I was when I struck the range six years ago."

YOU CAN HELP!

The Americanization work that William J. Bell is doing among the Mesabe miners is typical of that sponsored and performed by the American Red Cross and similar organizations all over the country. Don't you want a hand in it? There is need for your active help and co-operation as well as your mere approval. Isn't it really a duty? This will be a better and happier country if you put your shoulder to the wheel with your fellows.

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"And then the boy came down the gangplank and I greeted him, as is my unpractical way, as if he had been off on a sailing trip. But he knew."

"AMERICAN, SIR!"

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Illustrated by Denman Fink

"DEAR Uncle Bill:" (And why he should have called me "Uncle Bill," Heaven only knows. I was not his uncle and almost never had I been addressed as "Bill." But he chose the name, without explanation, from the first.) "Dear Uncle Bill: Where am I going to in vacation? The fellows ask. Their fathers come to commencement and take them home. I'm the only one out, because my father's dead. And I haven't anybody to belong to. It would be great if you'd come. Yours Sincerely — John."

I threw the letter in the scrap-basket and an hour later fished it out. I read it over "Damn," I said. I go to a school commencement! Not if I knew it! The cheek of the whippersnapper! I had not even seen him; he might be any sort of wild Indian; he might expect me to "take him home" afterwards. Rather *not!* I should give him to understand that I would pay his bills and — well, yes — I would send him to a proper place in vacations; but be bothered by him personally I would not. Fishing trips to Canada interrupted by a child! Unthinkable. I would write to that effect.

I sat down to my orderly desk and drew out paper. I began: "Dear John." Then I stopped. An unwelcome vision arose of a small boy who was "the only one out." "My father's dead." Thirty years rolled back, and I saw the charming boy, a cousin, who had come to be this lad's father. I turned my head at that thought as long ago I had turned it every morning when I waked to look at him, the beautiful youngster of my adoration, sleeping across the room which we shared together. For a dozen years we shared that room and other things -ponies, trips abroad, many luxuries For the father and mother who worshipped and pampered John, and who were casually kind to me, an uninteresting orphan, these were rich, then, and free-handed. Too free-handed, it was seen later, for when the two were killed at one moment in an accident only debts were left for John. I was suddenly important, I, the gray satellite of the rainbow prince, for I had a moderate fortune. The two of us were just graduated from Yale, John with honors and prizes and hosts of friends, I with some

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"Such luck," he gasped. "Killed — in our uniform serving! For God's sake don't be sorry, lad. I never hoped for luck like this."

prizes and honors. Yet I had not been "tapped" for "Bones" or "Scroll and Key" and I was a solitary pilgrim ever, with no intimates. We stood so together, facing out towards life.

I split my unimpressive patrimony in two and John took his part and wandered south on a mining adventure. For that, he was always keen about the south and his plan from seventeen on was to live in Italy But it was I, after all, who went to Italy year after year, while John led Lord knows what thriftless life in Florida. From the last morning when he had wheeled, in our old big room, and dashed across it and thrown his arms around me in his own impulsive, irresistible way,— since that morning I had never seen him. Letters, plenty. More money was needed always. John always thought that the world owed him a living.

Then he did the thing which was incredible and I pulled him out and hushed up the story and repaid the money, but it made me ill, and I suppose I was a bit savage, for he barely answered my letters after, and shortly stopped writing altogether. John could not endure unpleasantness. I lost sight of him till years later when he — and I — were near forty and I had a note signed Margaret Donaldson, John's wife. John was dead. He had been on a shooting trip and a gun had gone off. Though it was not in the words, yet through them I got a vague suggestion of suicide. Heavy-hearted I wondered. The life so suddenly ended had once been dear to me.

"They did not bring John home," the note said. "He was so badly mutilated that they buried him near where he died. I believe he would have wanted you to know, and for that reason I am writing. I am an entirely capable bread winner, so that John's boy and I will have no troubles as to money."

There was a child two years old. I liked the chill and the independence of the proud little note.

The next chapter opened ten years later with a letter saying that Margaret Donaldson's boy was left with her poor and elderly parents and that they did not want him. Would I, his mother being dead, take care of him? He was twelve, healthy and intelligent which led directly to the evening when I sat, very cross, at my desk, and fished young John's note out of the scrap-basket. I had got as far in answer as "Dear John" — when these visions of the past interrupted. I am not soft-hearted. I am crabbed and prejudiced and critical, and I dislike irregularity. Above all I am thoroughly selfish. But the sum of that is short of being brutal. Only sheer brutality could repel the lad's note and request. My answer went as follows.

"Dear John: I will come to your commencement and bring you back with me for a short time. I may take you on a fishing trip to Canada. Sincerely, Uncle Bill."

The youngster as he came into the school drawing room was a thing to remember. He was a tall boy, and he looked like his father. Very olive he was — and is — and his blue eyes shone out of the dark face from under the same thickset and long lashes. His father's charm and beauty halted me, but I judged, before I let myself go, that he had also his mother's stability. I have seen no reason since to doubt my judgment. I never

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had as fine a fishing trip to Canada as that summer in spite of the fact that John broke four good rods. He has been my most successful investment, and when the war broke out and he rushed to me clamoring to go I felt indeed that I was giving humanity my best and my own. Then one day he came, in his uniform of an ambulance driver, to tell me goodbye.

That was in 1914, and the boy, just about to enter Yale, was eighteen. He went through bad fighting, and in March, 1917, he was given a Croix de Guerre. Then America came in and he transferred to his own flag and continued ambulance work under our Red Cross. He drove one of the twenty ambulances hurried into Italy after the Caporetto disaster in October, the first grip of the hand of America to that brave hand of Italy.

I did not know for a time that my lad was in the ambulance section rushed to Italy, but I had a particular interest from the first in this drive for I had spent weeks, twice, up in Lombardy and Venetia. That was how I followed the Italian disaster — as a terrible blow to a number of old friends. Then after the Caporetto crisis, came the stand behind the Tagliamento; the retreat still further and the more hopeful stand behind the Piave. And with that I knew that the First Ambulance Section was racing to the Italian front and that my boy was driving one of the cars. And behold it was now the year 1919 and the war was over and the cablegram from Bordeaux, which read: "Sailing 13th Santa Angela 12 day boat New York" was a week old.

Of course I met him. I left a director's meeting and vital engagements, with indecent firmness, to meet that ship. At crack of dawn on a raw morning in March I arose and drove miles to a freezing pier to meet it. And presently, as I stood muffled in a fur coat, an elderly, grizzled, small man, grim and unexhilarating — presently the soul of this monotonous person broke into song. For out of the early morning, out from behind a big anchored vessel near the pier, poked the nose of a troop ship and lumbered forward, and her decks were brown with three thousand soldiers — Americans of our victorious army coming home from overseas.

It was a sight which none of us will ever see again. Out in the harbor tugs were yelping, whistles blowing; the little fleet which had gone down the bay to meet the incoming troops was screaming itself mad in a last chorus of joyful welcome. And the good ship Santa Angela, blessed old tub, rolled nearer till the lads on her, shouting, waving, laughing, crying lads could be seen separately and had rounded the corner into the slip, and was mere yards from the dock.

And then the boy came down the gang-plank and I greeted him, as is my ungracious way, as if he had been off on a sailing trip. But he knew, and he held to me, the tall fellow, with his arm around my shoulder unashamed, and from that moment to this in the den he had hardly let me out of his sight.

After dinner that night, I settled back in deep satisfaction, and lighted a fresh cigar. And the boy, standing before the blazing logs, which kept up a pleasant undertone to the music of his young voice, began.

"You know, Uncle Bill, we were blamed proud to be Red Cross when we knew what was doing about Italy. It was plumb great. You know it all of course. But I saw it. No worse fight ever — in all history. Towns turned into a rolling river of refugees. Hungry, filthy, rain-soaked, half clad,— old, babies, sick—a multitude pitiful beyond words — stumbling, racing down those mountain trails, anyhow — to get anywhere — away."

He dropped into a chair and went on. "We did n't get there for the first, but it was plenty bad enough," and his eyes were seeing wordless sights. "The United States had declared war on Austria December 7th, and four days later Section One was rolling across the battlefield of Solferino.

"I was proud to be in that bunch. Talk about the flower of a country, Uncle Bill,— we grew 'em. Six wore the Croix de Guerre — well, of course that's often just luck." He reddened as he remembered who was one of that six. "All of them had gone through battles a-plenty. Whole shooting-match keen for service — no slackers and no greenhorns in that crowd.

"We started on the twelve hundred mile trip to Milan from Paris November 18th, and at Ventimiglia, just over the border, Italy welcomed us. Lord, Uncle Bill," the boy laughed out, and rubbed his eyes where tears stood. "They would n't look at our passports — no sir! They opened the gate to Italy and we rolled in like visiting princes. They showered presents on us, those poor villagers — food, flowers — all they had. Often didn't keep any for themselves.

"We got there December 8th. Tuned up the cars and were off again in two or three days, to the job. They gave us a great send-off. Real party. Two parties. First a sort of reception in a big gray courtyard of an old palace, all dolled up with American and Italian flags. Big bugs and speeches — and they presented us to Italy. A bugle blew and a hundred of us in khaki — we'd been reinforced — stood at salute and an Italian general swept into the gates with his train of plumed Bersagliari — sent to take us over. Then we twenty drove our busses out with our own flags flying and pulled up again for party number two in front of the Cathedral. Finally the Mayor bid us his prettiest goodbye, and off we drove again through the cheering crowds and the waving flags — this time out of the city gate — to the Piave front."

The boy rose from his chair put on a fresh log, then turned and stood facing me, towering over me in his young magnificence.

It flashed to me that I'd never seen him look so like his father, yet so different. All John Donaldson's physical beauty, all his charm were repeated in his son, but underlaid with a manliness, a force which poor John never had.

"We were pitched into the offensive in the hottest of it," spoke the boy. "It was thick. We were hampered by lack of workers. We wanted Americans. Morgan had a thought.

"'Italy's full of Americans,' he suggested. 'Living here. Over military age, but fit for a lot of our use. I miss my guess if bunches of 'em would n't jump at a chance to get busy under their own flag.'

"We sent out a call and they came. Down from hill-towns, out of cities, from villages we'd never heard of — it was amazing how they came. We did n't dream there was such a number. Every one middle-aged, American all, and gentlemen all. One morning, after brisk work the night before, I'd just turned out and was standing by my bus,— I slept on a stretcher inside — I saw a big, athletic, grizzled chap — maybe fifty-five or over — shabby as to clothes, yet with an air like a duke, sauntering up. How he got in there I never thought to ask. He held out his hand as if we were old friends 'Good morning,' he said. 'I hope I didn't wake you up. How do you like Italy?' There was something attractive about him, something suggestive of a gracious host whose flower garden was Italy — which he trusted was to my taste. I told him I worshipped Italy.

"Just then a shell — they were coming over off and on — struck two hundred yards down the road and we both turned to look. In thirty seconds, maybe, another — and another — placed middling close, half a minute apart maybe, till eight had plowed along that bit. When they stopped he looked at me. 'That's the first time I ever saw shells light nearby,' he spoke. 'Eight, I made it. But two were duds, were n't they?

"It did n't seem to occur to him that they might have hit him. About then he saw me wondering, I suppose, what a civilian was doing making conversation inside the lines before breakfast, and he explained."

"'You need men for the Red Cross I believe,' he explained. 'I came to offer my services.' He spoke English perfectly, yet with a foreign twist, and he was so very dark that I wondered about his nationality.

"Are you Italian?" I asked, and at that he started and straightened his big shabby shoulders as if I'd hit him, and flushed through his brown skin.

"'American, sir,' he said proudly.

"And, Uncle Bill, something in the way he said it almost brought tears to my eyes. It was as if his right to being American was the last and most precious thing he owned, and as if I'd tried to take it from him.

"So I threw back 'That's great,' as heartily as I knew how, and shook hands with him over it

"There was something about him which I couldn't place. He looked — natural. Especially his eyes.

"Well, I said we'd be delighted to use him, and told him where to report and then, though it was n't my business, I asked his name. And what do you think he told me?"

I shook my head.

"He gave his name as John Donaldson," stated the boy.

"What!" I asked bewildered. "This man in Italy was called —"

"By my name," the boy said slowly. "John Donaldson."

I reasoned a bit. "John Donald-

THE BOY AND THE JOB

WHEN your son goes to work, of course you want to know that he is properly equipped and is going to the right place, don't you? There's an article in a coming Number that will help you to help him off on his career.

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son" is a name not impossible to be duplicated. "It was devilish odd," I said, "to run into your own handle like that, was n't it?"

The boy went on. "At that second Ted Frith ran along shouting '7:30. Better hurry. Coffee's waiting.' So I threw the strange man a goodbye and bolted.

"That day we were going some. They were heaving eggs from the other side of the Piave and we were bringing back wounded to the dressing stations as fast as we could make it over that wrecked land; going back faster for more. When I stopped for chow at midday I found Ted Frith near me, eating also.

"'Remember the old boy you were talking to this morning?' asked Ted between two mouthfuls of dumdums — that's beans, Uncle Bill. I 'lowed I remembered the old boy; in fact he'd stuck in my mind all day.

"'Well,' Ted went on, 'he's a ring-tailed snorter. He's got an American uniform, tin derby and all, and he's up in the front trenches in the cold and mud with his chocolates and stuff, talking the lingo to the wops and putting heart into them something surprising. They're cheering up wherever he goes. Good work.'

"THAT afternoon I ran into the man under hot fire hurrying down the communication trench for more stuff. He looked as pleased as a boy with a new pony. 'Hello,' I yelled across the noise. 'How do you like our Italy? They tell me you're helping a lot.'

"He stopped and stared with those queerly homelike, big eyes. 'Do they?" he smiled. 'It's the best time I've had for years, sir.'

"'Needn't sir me,' I explained. 'I'm not an officer.'

"'Ah, but you are — my superior officer,' he argued in a courteous, lovely way. 'I'm a recruit — raw recruit. Certainly I must say sir, to you.'

"'Duck there,' I shouted. 'You're on a rise — you'll be hit.'

"He glanced around. 'If you knew what a treat I'd consider it to be done for wearing this.' He looked down and slapped his big knee in its khaki. 'But if I'm helping it's the game to keep whole. You see, sir,' and he laughed out loud — 'this is my good day. I'm American to-day, sir!'

"And as I let in the clutch and turned the wheel, I sniffled. The man's delight at being allowed to do a turn of any sort under the flag got me.

"The hideous day wore on; one of the worst I went through. We were rushing 'em steadily — four badly wounded in the back you know, and one who could sit up in the front seat with the driver, every trip. About 3:30 as I was going up to the front lines I struck Ted Frith again coming down.

"'That you, Johnny?' he shouted as we jammed together, and then: 'Your friend's got his,' he said. We were caught in a crowd and had to wait, so we could talk.

"'Oh no!' I groaned. 'Gone west?'

"He shook his head. 'I think not yet. But I'm afraid he's finished. Had to leave him. Didn't see him till I was loaded up. He's been stretcher bearer the last three hours.'

"'The devil he has. Why?'

"'A sudden attack — bearer was killed. He jumped in and grabbed the stretcher. Powerful old boy. Back and forth from the hurricane to the little dressing station, and at last he got it. Thick today, isn't it?'

"'Stretcher bearer!' I repeated. 'Nerve for a new bird.'

"'Nerve!' echoed Teddy. 'He's been eating it up. The hotter it got the better it suited. He's one of the heroes fast enough. If he lives he's due a cross for his last stunt — out under fire twice in five minutes to bring in wounded. But he won't live. There — it's clearing. You run along and find the old boy, Johnny.'

"I found him. He was hurt too badly to talk about. As gently as we knew how Joe Barron and I lifted him into the car and he recognized me.

"'Why good evening, sir,' he greeted me, smiling at the disputed title, charming and casual as ever. He identified me — 'The boy who adored Italy.' Then: 'Such luck!" he gasped. 'Killed — in our uniform — serving!' And as he felt my hand on his forehead: 'For God's sake don't be sorry, lad,' he begged. 'A great finish for me. I never hoped for luck like this.'

"There's a small village," the boy went on — "I never knew its name; it's back of the Piave; only a pile of broken stuff now anyhow. But the church was standing that night, a lovely old church with a tower pierced with windows. We stuck in a traffic jam in front of that church. The roads were one solid column going forward into the mess. Mile after mile of it in one stream — and every parallel road must have been the same.

"It got dark early and the ration truck was late coming up, being caught in the jam. It was night by the time the eats were ready and I left my bus in front of the church I spoke of. I'd wished myself on the officers of a battery having mess in trees back of a ruined house. "When I went back to the bus it was clean dark. But the sky was alight with gun flashes from everywhere, a continuous flicker like summer lightning with glares here and there like a sudden blaze from a factory chimney. The rumbling gun thunder was without a break, punctuated by heavier boomings; the near guns seemed an insane 4th of July. I looked in at my load and I saw that my namesake was worse. We were still trapped in the jam; no chance of breaking for hours maybe. I saw then that they'd turned the church into a dressing station. There was straw on the stone floors and two surgeons and some orderlies. Wounded were being carried in on stretchers. Joe Barron and I lifted out John Donaldson and took him in and cared for him as well as possible until we could corral an overworked doctor. I thought I'd talk to him a bit to distract him, and he seemed glad to have me."

The lad stopped; his big fingers pulled at the collar of his uniform.

"LITTLE by little," he went on, "John Donaldson of Italy told his story. He held tight to my hand as he told it." The boy halted again and bit at his lower lip with strong white teeth. "I like to remember that," he went on slowly. "He had lived nearly twenty years in Perugia. He had run away from America. Because—he—took money. Quite a lot of money. He — was supposed to be dead."

I sat forward now, grasping the sides of my chair, pulling the thing out of the boy with straining gaze.

"Uncle Bill," he spoke, and his dear voice shook, "you know who it was. I found why his eyes looked familiar. They were exactly like my own. The man I was helping to die was my father."

I heard my throat make a queer sound, but I said no word. The voice flowed on, difficultly, determinedly.

"It's a strange thing to remember — a weird and unearthly bit of living — that war-ruined church, strewn with straw, the wounded, wrapped like mummies in dark blankets, their white bandages making high spots in the wavering, irregular lights of lanterns and pocket flashes moving about. I sat on the pavement by his side, hand in hand. A big crucifix hung above, and the Christ seemed to be looking — at him."

The voice stopped. I heard my own as a sound from beyond me asking a question. "How did you find out?" I asked.

"Why you see, Uncle Bill," he answered as if my voice had helped him to normality a bit, "I started off by saying I'd write to anybody for him, and wasn't there somebody at home maybe? And he smiled out of his torture, and said:

"'Nobody.'

"THEN I said how proud we were of such Americans as he had shown himself and how much he'd helped; I told him what Teddy Frith said of how he'd put heart into the men. And about the war cross. At that his face brightened.

"'Did he really say I'd helped?' He was awfully pleased. Then he considered a moment and spoke: 'There's one lad I'd like to have know — if it's possible to find him — and if he ever knows anything about me — that I died decently.'

"I threw at him — little dreaming the truth, yet eagerly — 'I'll find him. I promise it. What's his name?

"And he smiled again, an alluring, sidewise smile he had, and said: 'Why, the same name as mine — John Donaldson. He was my baby.'

"Then for the first time the truth came in sight, and my heart stood still. I couldn't speak. But I thought fast. I feared giving him a shock yet I had to know — I had to tell him. I put my free hand over his that clung to me and I said: 'Do you know, Mr. Donaldson, it's queer, but that's my name too. I also am John Donaldson.'

"He turned his head with a start and his eyes got wide. 'You are?' he said, and he peered at me in the half light. 'I believe you look like me. God!' he said. His face seemed to sharpen and he shot words at me. 'Quick!' he said. 'I mayn't have time. What was your mother's name?'

"I told him.

"He was so still for a breath that I thought I'd killed him. Then his face lighted — quite angelically, Uncle Bill. And he whispered, two or three words at a time — you know the words, Uncle Bill — Tennyson:

"'Sunset and evening star' he whispered:

"'Sunset and evening star,

"And one clear call for me' —

"He patted the breast of his bloody, grimy uniform. 'Following the flag! Me! My son to hold my hand as I go out! I had n't dreamed of such a passing.' Then he looked up at me, awfully interested. 'So you're my big son,' he said. 'My baby.'

"I knew that he was remembering the little shaver he'd left twenty years back. So I leaned over and kissed him, and he got his arm around my neck and held me pretty tight a minute, and nobody cared. All those dying, suffering, last-ditch men lying around, and the two worn-out doctors hurrying among 'em — they didn't care. No more

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"He was so still for a breath that I thought I'd killed him. Then his face lighted — quite angelically, Uncle Bill."

did he and I. I'd found my father; I wasn't caring for anything else."

There was deep silence in the room again and a log of the fire crackled and fell apart and blazed up impersonally; the pleasant sound jarred not at all the tense, human atmosphere.

"And he — Uncle Bill," went on the throbbing voice, "through that devilish pain he was radiant. He was, thank God, I wanted to hold up a doctor and get dope to quiet him — and he wouldn't.

"'It might make me unconscious,' he objected. 'Would I lose a minute of you? Not if I know it! Damn pain! This is the happiest hour I've had for twenty years.'

"He told me, a bit at a time, about things. First how he'd arranged so that even my mother thought him dead. Then the bald facts of his downfall. He hated to tell that.

"'Took money,' he (*Continued on Page 62*)

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It's mighty good as it is but it ought to be a

BETTER

Some true tales of folks and

HOW PETER BUGARAS SAVED UNALASKA

by Paul Buckley

Big Pete! they see "Father, Mother, brethren, all, in thee!

"PETE," as the "Master-at arms" of the Coast Guard Cutter "Unalga," whose officers and crew did such good work during the terrible influenza epidemic that ravaged Alaska.

Practically the whole village of Unalaska was down with the disease, only some half dozen of the "white folks" escaping. About fifteen per cent of the population died. Many more would have followed if the Coast Guard cutters "Unalga" and "Bear" had not come to the rescue

In a few days time every native in the village was helpless; many had died. "Pete" whose name is Peter Bugaras and who was born somewhere near Constantinople but who is now "all pure American" has the reputation of being the strongest man in the Coast Guard Service, with a heart in him "as big as his body." Realizing that the babies and small children needed to be fed, washed and nursed, he took it upon himself, without any orders, to establish an "Orphans Home."

With the help of some of the sailors, he gathered up twenty six of the babies and little ones and tended them as carefully and faithfully as any loving mother could have done in fact, one of the native mothers said to "Pete" that she was afraid he would kill her baby "washing it every day," as the child had not been used to it.

The natives of the Aleutian Islands are not noted for their cleanliness. The little ones all thrived, however, under "Pete's" nursing.

When I arrived at the village, June 3rd, aboard the "Bear," we immediately proceeded to do all we knew how to help out in the very serious situation. Dr. Mossman of the "Bear" and myself visited every house and shack in the settlement, cheering up the sick folks, telling them we would help Dr. Johnson and the "Unalga" boys take care of them and get them all well.

When we called at "Pete's" orphanage, I volunteered to take half of his crowd, as his quarters were somewhat cramped. He said, "All right, 'Marshal,' you take the oldest ones and that will help me out a lot." So I turned my quarters into a hospital, and Dr. Mossman and Quartermaster Woodson with myself nursed fourteen "kids," the two young lady Government school teachers and six natives in our house helping out around the village.

You see how fat some of "Pete's" babies were. The secret of that was that "Pete" would get up early in the morning and "get to" the cows before the regular milker arrived. "Pete" was certainly a wise one.

RELIGION—AND PIGS AND COWS

THIS is the story of a young minister who mixed his religion with pigs and cows and better farming and patriotism and the things of thisworld generally.

Eight years ago the Rev. H. E. Beseda, a young minister, American-born of Bohemian parents, left the theological seminary and went to live in a little Bohemian Colony known as Six Mile, because it was situated six miles from Port Lavaca, Texas. There were only fifty families in the colony, he had no church but a hall and no organization, but there was a school house and a crude community hall that furnished shelter for his meetings. Precious little shelter was needed, however, for the Bohemians, reasoning from their church experience in the old country, were exceedingly skeptical about any form of organized religion.

Three difficult and discouraging years followed, during which the young minister was learning his community and its needs. He became convinced that the first great need was for better farming, so that the people might build up a stronger and more prosperous community and have more profits to spend on churches, schools, etc., and other institutions that develop the mental and spiritual life.

Since there was no one else to take the leadership toward better farming, he decided to take it himself, and out of his meager salary he paid his way through a summer short course in agriculture at the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Returning, he purchased a thoroughbred Polan China sow and persuaded his Boy Scouts to purchase the pigs at $10 each with the guarantee that, if the pigs did not more than pay for themselves, he would refund the money. Today the Bohemians of Six Mile specialize in through-bred Polan China pigs.

He organized a night school of thirty men for the study of the English language and American history, and for debating social and civic questions. Out of this night school evolved a men's club of sixty six members.

Now, after eight years, Six Mile is a successful and prosperous community. The young minister has advanced the spiritual side of his work hand in hand with the social side; he has ninety-one Bohemian members in his church and he is planning the organization of similar work to reach and serve the two hundred thousand Bohemian farmers in Texas to help them become Christian Citizens of America.

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AMERICA

things that show a people's heart

' Poems are made by fools like me
But only God can make a tree.'
Joyce Kilmer

FOR THEM A TREE STANDS THERE

TREES are the memorials of peace that are being erected all over the country to honor the men and women who suffered their lives to their country.

One of the most impressive memorial tree plantings that has been reported to the American Forestry Association is the group in honor of Miss Jane Delano of the Red Cross at Canton, Pa. Thirteen trees were planted, the one for Miss Delano being placed in the center of a circle made by twelve planted for men and boys who died in the war.

At the Army Balloon School at Ft. Omaha, Lieut.-Col. Jacob E. S. Wuest directed the planting of several thousand trees, one for each man who passed through that camp and the one at Ft. Crook. The money for the trees came from the earnings of "The Gas Bag" the official publication of the balloon arm of the service. In the list of those for whom trees were planted are two women Red Cross workers who died.

In the Colorado Quadrangle at Camp Kearny, near San Diego, the Colorado Society of San Diego planted a spruce in memory of the Colorado boys who passed through that camp, and plans are now under way to plant a tree for each Coloradan. This will mean that when Camp Kearny is abandoned, instead of returning to the sand hill it was, there will be a fine memorial grove for future generations to enjoy.

The American Forestry Association's suggestion that our motor highways and all the good roads to be built be made "Roads of Remembrance" has been taken up everywhere. The motor Transport Corps of the army which has just completed a record cross country run from Washington to San Francisco, took to the front door of millions of people the gospel of good roads. The proper planting of trees along our highways will give us memorial avenues and beautiful drives of country-wide proportions. Trees protect roads from the baking sun in summer and the smothering snow in winter. In most of our Western states the railroads have under way comprehensive plans for tree planting in order to keep the snow from covering up the tracks.

Cities are not waiting for the motor roads however. In Minneapolis a memorial drive is being built to make that city one of the show spots of the continent fifty years from now. The vase type of elm to be used is now "in training" for the work it is to do in 1950. Theodore Wirth, the superintendent of the Board of Park Commissioners, has trees in a nursery where they are being topped and cut back for planting in the spring of 1921. C. M. Loring, the father of the park system there has set aside $50,000 for the care of these trees in future years. The trees will be dedicated to the memory of the Minneapolis heroes and set one sixty feet apart on a drive to be constructed between two parks. At Cincinnati another memorial boulevard plan is underway which will start in the heart of the down town section and hook up with a drive now completed. A memorial avenue for approach to Plymouth Rock has been proposed as one of the many ways of marking the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. In Louisiana Victory Oaks have been planted every forty feet along the part of the Jefferson Highway that lies in that State. Tree planting has been provided for in Michigan along the Victory Highway across that State. In all sections this memorial idea is taking hold.

JASCHA HEIFETZ AND YOUR BOY

by Emily Frances Robbins

MUSIC, art and poetry have ever furnished heroes for glowing songs of "the Bohemian life," until there has developed a tradition that the recipe for making a musician or an artist is by way of that particular sort of existence. We commonly assert that before one may have the proper depths of feeling for expression in any art, it is necessary to "live"—meaning, of course, to get away from all that is regular, from family life, and normal experience. If our young friend aspires to be a poet, we rather expect him first to become a hobo; if a painter, we almost take it for granted that he shall descend into some "Bohemian" underworld, the art alley of a famous "Latin Quarter," into something abnormally emotional — sin, or suffering. Genius is generally accepted as made of sickly and morbid material. With the biographies of great musicians and artists before us — Chopin ill, irregular in love, disappointed and bitter; Leonardo da Vinci tortured with poverty; Michaelangelo with his beastly temper, his jealousies and passionate, unrequited love; Paganini a fugitive in a murder case with these examples in our consciousness when the healthy normal American youth hints at aspiring to something in art, if we do not immediately squelch (*Continued on Page 20*)

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HELP YOURSELVES TO HEALTH

Walter Camp shows you a dozen ways

By William Slavens McNutt

I WENT to New Haven to get a story from Walter Camp for the Red Cross Magazine. Before I went I knew just what I was to get. In every reporter's mind there is a sort of filing case in which all manner of stories are classified; a sketchy explanation of an assignment identifies the story to be secured as style A, B, C or D. A few words from the editor and the reporter understands the general architectural scheme of the verbal house to be built and goes forth in search of the proper bricks or timber or stone according to the understood specifications. I went to New Haven to get a Hygiene story from Walter Camp. I had done such stories before and I knew just how it would shape up. I'd get the general philosophy and some of the salient details of a new edition to the ten thousand and seventy-six only ways for a man to be healthy and still live. I'd get instances of a few big business men who had cracked under the strain, and been unable to eat or sleep for months and months until they finally came to such a physical and nervous pass that they seriously contemplated ending the whole thing.

Where his face isn't familiar his name almost always is for he occupies a unique place in the affairs of men. In business he has achieved a distinct success, in athletics his fame is countrywide and as a clean living, inspiring American Walter Camp is an example to young and old alike.

Of course I would learn further that by some miraculous intervention all these stricken men had been put to twisting and bending and eating according to the latest hygienic direction unto physical salvation, and that within a month they were all feeling equal to beating up Jack Dempsey each morning before breakfast. The example is a little extreme, of course, but something of that general nature.

Well, I went to New Haven and Walter Camp double crossed me. The material he gave me wouldn't make at all the kind of a story I had expected. If you're looking for examples of men snatched from death's door and metamorphosed over week-ends, into pugilistic champions, super Sandows or Marathon contenders, look elsewhere. You won't find them in this story. If you are looking for a sane, simple, natural way by which to attain and maintain a normal physical and nervous fitness at the daily expenditure of time and effort that the busiest of men can spare read on.

Walter Camp, athlete, recognized authority on athletics and athletic training, graduate of Yale and long prominently identified with all forms of amateur sport for as many years back as I can remember, and besides successful author and business man, has evolved a sane, universally available system whereby you may keep yourself normally fit whether you be child or adult, scholar or ditch digger, business man or mechanic. It is so simple that minus a trial or the verdict of evidence, you might consider it silly. It does not work wonders. It works plain normalities.

The man who offers you a system of exercise and diet that will work a 100 per cent miracle is very probably a health quack. He's either a dishonest, dollar-hunting faker or a dangerously sincere fanatic, because systems of exercise and diet do not work miracles. The sensible man in search of a safe financial investment looks for something that will pay six, eight or ten per cent with a minimum risk of loss. And the sensible man or woman in search of health and strength looks for a normal, available system of exercise, returning a dividend of well-being that Mother Nature can endorse without being drugged, hypnotized or bullied into an O.K.

I suppose that ninety-nine out of every hundred people who read this, know in a general way, who and what Walter Camp is. But his varied work in life has so eminently fitted him ultimately to do the thing he has done, in evolving this simple, efficient system of exercises, that it is well worth noting in somewhat elaborate detail.

As a college athlete he played on the Varsity football team; was captain of his junior and senior years. He rowed on his class crew. He was a track star. In his sophomore year he was one of Yale's representatives in the first intercollegiate tennis championship event. He was shortstop on the baseball team and led in both batting and fielding. For many years he has been chairman of the Yale University Athletic Association, and in 1917 he was appointed chairman of the athletic department of the United States Navy Commission on Training Camp Activities and to the position of civilian consultant to the Surgeon General concerning the proper method of assuring physical fitness amongst aviators. It was while engaged in this work that he evolved what he calls his "short-hand system" of setting-up exercises, or "the daily dozen"

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of movements that greatly benefited the physical condition not only of the navy men and aviators, but also of many members of the cabinet and other high officials in Washington during the war. As an author, he has to his credit some seventeen books, ranging all the way from fiction to advice and comment on all manner of American sports. In addition to this, he has been a frequent contributor to many magazines and periodicals, and editor of various sport departments. As a business man, he is president and treasurer of the New Haven Clock Co., a large manufacturing concern. Just as Walter Camp, he is a charming American gentleman.

According to the standards of Mother Nature, Walter Camp today is normal. According to the standards of the ordinary business man of Mr. Camp's age, he is abnormal. When the average American business man so attends to his physical knitting that he can rate fifty-fifty with Walter Camp, this wide land is going to produce better children, fewer physicians and more work for good cooks.

When we entered the war, it was inevitable that the government should call upon a man of Mr. Camp's abilities to aid in the great effort for he knew how to condition men for a definite purpose. He knew how to take a foot-ball player and so handle him that on a stated day the player would take his position on a white lined field with the most effective possible combination of muscle, brain, vitality and fighting spirit, to assist him in helping to win that game. He knew that if he drove that man too hard, wasting time and energy on providing him with physical equipment that he would not need and which might be a burden to him, the man would be a hindrance instead of a help. He knew how to train athletes of every sort to be at the highest pitch when the crucial moment came. The knowledge was won by long study and a ceaseless repetition of careful experiments.

All this hard-gained knowledge of the physical and mental ways of men, Mr. Camp brought to the task of so handling the men in the United States Navy, that on each and every day they would be at the highest possible point of efficiency for the accomplishment of their routine tasks and drills, and also that in an emergency they would have the greatest endurance, fighting spirit, coordination of muscles — ability to think and act quickly that was possible for them. For the attainment of this purpose he evolved a system of exercises as utterly simple as they are altogether scientific. Some of the advocates of the old style exercises complained of the innovation. They said: "Why this is all bunk. There's nothing new in this; it's practically the same thing we've always been doing." One of them said to Mr. Camp concerning a certain movement of the arm, "Why, that's about what I've always done."

"Is it?" said Mr. Camp. "We'll see. I'll do that exercise your way a thousand times; and I'll bet you that you can't do it my way fifty times."

Mr. Camp thereupon performed the exercise in the old-fashioned way a thousand times without any excessive fatigue. Scornfully the big-muscled exponent of the old method started in to do what seemed to be practically the same movement, Mr. Camp's way, fifty times. At thirty he was perspiring profusely and his lips were twisted with the effort he was making. At forty, Mr. Camp took pity on the man and told him to stop. "You're a good man," said Mr. Camp, "and I'll concede that you could drive yourself into doing it fifty times; but do you still think that the two movements are practically the same?"

"It beats me," said the erstwhile exponent of the old system, sheepish and mystified, "Why I'd have bet that I could keep on doing that all day."

There didn't seem to be much difference in the two movements, you see, but as a matter of fact there was all the difference that there is between a counterfeit dollar and a genuine coin of the same denomination.

The commandant of one of the fifteen training stations in which Mr. Camp had placed his new system, complained about it. "I don't see any sense in this new-fangled fol-de-rol of yours," said the commandant. "It's just a variation of the same thing we've always done."

"Try it out for a month," Camp suggested, "and let me hear from you at the end of that time."

At the end of the month Mr. Camp heard from the commandant to this effect: "You're right. The men have got more pep and ginger in them than they ever had before. Your exercises are so good that both my wife and myself are doing them, and we are going to keep on. I don't know why they're good, but they are."

I shall not here go into details concerning Mr. Camp's work on the aviation field. That was a special war service affecting a minority for the period of the war. What I want to call attention to particularly is his work at Washington with members of the Cabinet and other men high in the government service during the war. I want to call attention to that particularly because the work he did for those men there during the period of the war strain, is what should be done for everybody in this period of transition from the high hour of strife to what we all hope and believe will be a yet higher standard of normality in peace. It was no

Wm. G. McAdoo, with black trousers, in the first row, and other Government officials doing their daily exercises under Walter Camp's leadership during the war.

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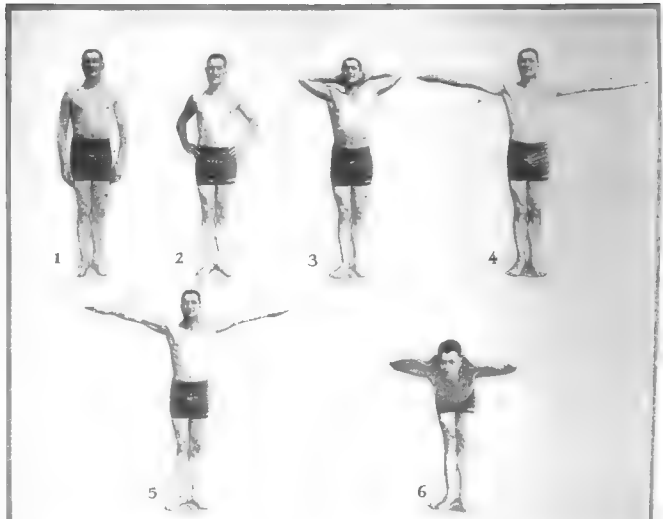

THE DAILY DOZEN

1 [illegible] Figure 1, erect with the hands hanging at the sides. Then place the hands on the hips with the shoulders, elbows and thumbs well back as in figure 2. Return the hands to the sides as in figure 1 which is the rest position. Next place the hands behind the neck with the index fingers just touching and the elbows forced well back as shown in figure 3. Again return hands to sides as in figure 1, the rest position. Repeat these movements smartly for the space of about a minute.

4 Stand as in figure 1. Raise the arms from the sides to the cross position as in figure 4. Turn the palms up with backs of hands and arms forced back as far as possible, then, keeping the arms at the right cross and forced back, start as near as possible to describe circles backward and downwards, then backwards and upwards, the arms describing the small circuit from the shoulders. Make ten of these circles backward then reverse the process, making ten backwards. Return to the rest position.

5 Start from the rest position. Extend the arms to the cross position as in figure 4. Turn the palms down, the arms still from back of the wrists, and then deeply into the body, with the [illegible] Return to the cross position. Repeat the [illegible] Return to the rest position.

6 Start from the rest position. Extend the arms to the cross position as in figure 4. Turn the palms down, the arms still from back of the wrists, and then deeply into the body, with the [illegible] Return to the cross position. Repeat the [illegible] Return to the rest position.

7 Start from the rest position. Extend the arms to the cross position as in figure 4. Turn the palms down, the arms still from back of the wrists, and then deeply into the body, with the [illegible] Return to the cross position. Repeat the [illegible] Return to the rest position.

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11 Start from the rest position. Extend the arms to the cross position as in figure 4. Turn the palms down, the arms still from back of the wrists, and then deeply into the body, with the [illegible] Return to the cross position. Repeat the [illegible] Return to the rest position.

12 Start from the rest position. Extend the arms to the cross position as in figure 4. Turn the palms down, the arms still from back of the wrists, and then deeply into the body, with the [illegible] Return to the cross position. Repeat the [illegible] Return to the rest position.

13 Start from the rest position. Extend the arms to the cross position as in figure 4. Turn the palms down, the arms still from back of the wrists, and then deeply into the body, with the [illegible] Return to the cross position. Repeat the [illegible] Return to the rest position.

14 Start from the rest position. Extend the arms to the cross position as in figure 4. Turn the palms down, the arms still from back of the wrists, and then deeply into the body, with the [illegible] Return to the cross position. Repeat the [illegible] Return to the rest position.

15 Start from the rest position. Extend the arms to the cross position as in figure 4. Turn the palms down, the arms still from back of the wrists, and then deeply into the body, with the [illegible] Return to the cross position. Repeat the [illegible] Return to the rest position.

16 Start from the rest position. Extend the arms to the cross position as in figure 4. Turn the palms down, the arms still from back of the wrists, and then deeply into the body, with the [illegible] Return to the cross position. Repeat the [illegible] Return to the rest position.

17 Start from the rest position. Extend the arms to the cross position as in figure 4. Turn the palms down, the arms still from back of the wrists, and then deeply into the body, with the [illegible] Return to the cross position. Repeat the [illegible] Return to the rest position.

18 Start from the rest position. Extend the arms to the cross position as in figure 4. Turn the palms down, the arms still from back of the wrists, and then deeply into the body, with the [illegible] Return to the cross position. Repeat the [illegible] Return to the rest position.

19 Start from the rest position. Extend the arms to the cross position as in figure 4. Turn the palms down, the arms still from back of the wrists, and then deeply into the body, with the [illegible] Return to the cross position. Repeat the [illegible] Return to the rest position.

20 Start from the rest position. Extend the arms to the cross position as in figure 4. Turn the palms down, the arms still from back of the wrists, and then deeply into the body, with the [illegible] Return to the cross position. Repeat the [illegible] Return to the rest position.

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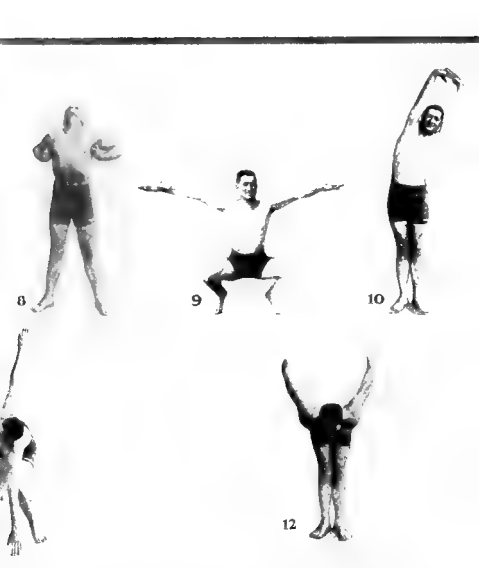

rms straight forward from the body upright position. Then lean forward up and eyes front as in Figure 4, ex- having your hands clasped back of m fall at your sides and as you reach ly swing forward, force the arms back ou as shown in Figure 12. From the igure 12 straighten the body to an ging the arms up extended straight iorizontal position. Swing the arms the cross position. From there begin , repeating it five times. A deep en as the fists are drawn under the sition as shown in Figure 8, retained aled as you bend forward with the position shown in Figure 12.

rest position, except for placing the ches apart. Assume the cross posi- with the weight resting on the toes in Figure 9. Rise, still keeping the drop the arms to the rest position again. The exercise should be re-

rest position. Raise the arms to rom that position raise the arms with the fingers interlocking as in arms and hands thus placed, bend left, then forward, then to the right, as comfortable and then to the left rust, interlocked hands describe a four inches in diameter. Complete times and then reverse the move-ment for an equal number of circles to the right. The movement should be steady, not made in jerks.

11.—Start from the rest position except that the feet are spread so that the heels are about 12 inches apart Raise the hands to the cross position. With the arms maintaining the same relation to the shoulders as in the cross position, turn to the left, swinging the body from the hips, until the face is turned completely to the left, the right arm pointing straight forward in relation to the feet and the left arm straight backwards. From this position bend the body from the waist so that the right arm points straight down, the hand touching the floor, and the left arm straight up as in Figure 11. The right knee must be slightly bent to accomplish this position. From the position as shown in Figure 11 rise to the cross position and reverse the movement, turning to the right and bending so that the left hand touches the floor. The movement should be repeated ten times.

12.—Start from the rest position. Raise the arms in front of the body until they are extended straight up over the head. Reach as far up as you can, inhaling deeply the while. Then let the arms fall forward and down as the body bends forward from the waist, head up and eyes front As the body reaches the limit of motion forward, the arms should be passed upward and backwards to the position shown in Figure 12. The air in the lungs should be ex- haled as you assume this position. Then straighten up, bringing the arms high over your head again. Then let the arms drop slowly to the cross position, but with the palms of the hands up and the shoulders well back as shown in Figure 4. This entire movement should be repeated five times.

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haphazard, miscellaneous, muscle building, possibly energy destroying, course through which Mr. Camp put these men. He trained them for their particular jobs with as much thought and care as he would have trained an athlete for his specialty. It was not a matter of his giving them just some kind of exercise. It was n't a matter of building up muscles for which they would have no specific use in their specific jobs. It was a scientific process of training that would enable them to perform their own daily work better. I think Walter Camp was better fitted to evolve and perfect that system than any other living man.

"Mother Nature is very fair — even indulgent with a man," Mr. Camp said to me. "You can do a great deal against her orders, and still she will protect you in your folly. When a boy first starts to smoke, she warns him that it is an unwise thing by making him sick. When he persists, Mother Nature says, 'Oh, very well. It's mild infraction of my rules, and I'll protect him in his lawlessness to a certain extent!'" The boy grows into a man and gets to smoking so heavily that he's lighting one cigar from another during all his waking hours. Mother Nature says, 'Here, I can't stand for this! If this fellow does n't improve his ways I'll have to dispose of him.' But she is still indulgent about the matter. She gives him a little heart flutter as a warning to ease up. The fellow goes to a doctor and the doctor tells him to cut down on his smoking. Then if he's stubborn and does n't obey orders, finally Mother Nature says, 'Here! This fellow's a fool. He can't take a hint, even when it falls on him in the form of a brick house. He cumbers the earth to no purpose. I'll get rid of him.' And she does. But she always gives him plenty of warning first."

Mr. Camp talked about Mother Nature very intimately. He's a close friend of hers, and he understands her. Also he's the friend of men and he understands them; and he knows that the secret of amicable relationship between them was merely a matter of understanding and adjustment to conditions. A tiger, born in captivity, and reared in a small cage, successfully attains his growth and full strength, maintaining his physical power and condition for a normal period. He gets exercise enough to keep himself normally fit. Mr. Camp contends that a man confined in an office can do the same for himself and in much the same way. Did you ever see a tiger sitting stiffly up on his hind legs, monotonously flexing his fore legs to increase the size of his muscles? Not since the first of July, you haven't! But if you'll go to a zoo any time and stand before a tiger's cage for a few minutes, you'll see the big cat stretching the muscles of his body in different ways, and by so doing, massaging the vital organs inside his frame.

"Your legs and arms are plenty good enough for whatever you're doing," said Mr. Camp. "If you're sitting at a desk all day, you don't want enormously muscled legs and arms; and if you acquire them they are a detriment and a danger to you. On the other hand, if you're a blacksmith, wielding a hammer, Nature will provide you with a big arm for the performance of your work. But you need n't worry about the arms and legs. Nature will tend to making them sufficient for the task thay are called upon to perform. It is the engine under the hood that counts; the heart, and lungs and liver, all the organs of the body. What we have to do with the ordinary business man, professional man or working man is to keep that engine running smoothly.

"Our calisthenics or general building up exercises, have failed entirely in the building up of our youth, or the preservation of the strength, health and fullest efficiency of our men. They are antique, they are useless. Why? Because of shirking or slacking, or because they do not appeal to us as an eager, hustling nation, to whom time is of the greatest importance. Only recently, Prof. Bohn, the authority on Swedish exercises, died and left behind him the record that after twenty-five years of study, he had decided that setting-up exercises were unnecessary in the case of a man's legs or arms or pectoral muscles, but that the attention should be devoted to the trunk; that is, to the engine itself. We have wasted time or we have taught slacking because a man will shirk what he does not need; and when a man learns to shirk it is bad business.

"It is poor gymnastics when the main object is to expend a certain number of foot pounds of energy, to secure increase in cardiac and pulmonary activity without care being taken that these organs are put under the most favorable conditions to meet the increased demand upon them. It is poor gymnastics if we desire to astound the world by nicely finished and smoothly gliding combinations of complex movement fit to be put into the repertoire of the juggler, or by exhibitions of strength vying with those of a Sandow, if we do not take into consideration the effects on the vital functions. What we want is suppleness, chest expansion, resistive force and endurance, and these do not come from great bulging knots of muscle, or from extraordinary feats of strength.

"Rapid shifts from severe training to a life of ease and indulgence are not what Nature believes in. It is not the way she carries on her work. Every step she makes is a little one. She seems never to reckon time as an

(*Continued on Page 63*)

The entire office force of a New York concern took up the system, practising on the roof. There were exactly five per cent fewer absentees because of sickness.

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A Great Teacher on a Great Theme

DOLLARS OR DULLARDS!

By Angelo Patri

Illustrations by F. G. Cooper

AMERICA must keep faith with her children. Long ago she declared their right to equal opportunity. She pledged her sacred honor to that end and sealed that pledge with her precious blood.

Yet to-day, children in America are crying aloud for a vital education and there is no help in sight. Forty thousand school houses are closed. Over one hundred thousand teachers who are in the schools are not teachers at all. They have never been trained for that work Trained teachers could not be obtained for the salaries these schools paid.

Many of the teachers called to the war did not return to the schools because they were better paid elsewhere. Many good teachers are leaving the schools because they cannot afford to stay. Those who enter the schools to take their places are immature and untrained alike.

A prominent educator speaking before the Committee on Education and Labor, last June, said, "It is a public disgrace that the men and women who are devoting their lives to the public welfare have to beg for a living wage or leave their profession."

In this troubled day the need for the stabilizing influence of the public school is felt as never before in the history of our country. But the children, sent home after a session with a nervous, hurried teacher hastening to get through and reach his outside job on time; sent home after a day with an untrained substitute; or sent home because there was no teacher at all, carry a message of unrest, of discord, of injustice.

Few indeed are the school children who are carrying home the message of harmony, of patience, of good cheer. Only a fine teacher can send home an "All's Well" and the fine teacher is scarce and growing still scarcer.

"Little Son" went home for luncheon one day and said, "Our shop teacher went away to-day."

"Did he? Take your arms off the table."

"Yes. We had a substitute. He isn't any good. He doesn't know what to do."

"Don't talk like that. Come in early this afternoon. I want you to go to the store."

"Little Son" went off to school and that was all about that, as far as the home was concerned. Parents know so little about what is happening to their children in school. They think that as long as there is a building there is a school. Not so. Only so long as there is a teacher is there a school.

What had happened to "Little Son" that day was a tragedy. He had had a fine teacher, one of those rare spirits who understand boys and who can inspire without alienating them. You caught a glimpse of that when you saw the sign he had swung over the shop room door.

It was a sign stained in old browns and surmounted by a gay cockatoo painted in colors that shamed the rainbow. Only a man who knew and loved little boys could have made that sign. It was an irresistible invitation to enter the shop and to smile as you did so.

The room itself was a picture of harmony and neatness and system. The floor was scraped and waxed until it gleamed like gold in the sunshine. The light streaming through the windows reflected itself on the rows of glistening tools that filled the wall cabinets and the orderly rows on the workbenches.

Marching along the walls was a frieze of tools. That may not sound interesting but that frieze was a joyous thing. There was a swing to the hammer, rhythm in the saw, poise and dignity in the plane, a lilt to the chisel, and they all paraded in the jolliest dress that the color pots could supply. Here and there in the line, where you least expected him, was the gay cockatoo, stepping proudly.

He was placed so that a person straightening up to ease his back after a tiresome job would look straight into his face. And the gay bird seemed to say, "Work away, son, work away. Some day you may be able to turn out as fine a bird as I am, but you will have to go it, for I'm the work of an artist."

It was a boys' room in the hands of a master. No boy ever left it without being the better for having entered it.

The country called and the teacher went. In his place came the substitute that "didn't know what to do."

He was a great big man with a voice that lifted the papers off the desk when he told the principal that he was the man sent up to take the shop man's place.

"I'm the substitute.

High work, low wages! Low work, high wages.

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I'm only here temporary. Just till my own job opens up, do you see?"

He went to the shop and soon, noises, all sorts of noises, came from there. The shrieks of abused tools mingled with the bangs, slams, thumps and bumps. Lumber crashed from a height, boy called to boy. Suddenly there came an awful crash as the nail boxes overturned, struck the row of paints and stains and hurled them on the tops of the galvanized waste cans sitting below. This finale brought the principal.

He had been sensitively aware of the sounds of strife but had hoped that the man might get a hold on things if he stayed in the background and gave him a chance. But this was the catastrophe. Something must be done.

Standing in the doorway he viewed a busy scene. The boys who were not picking up nails were wiping up stain and spreading it over the few places that had escaped the deluge. Those who were not wiping or picking were chipping something that was never intended to be chipped with a tool that was never intended for chipping. The teacher was standing with his back against the corner of the room wiping his brow.

"Do you want something?" he called across the riot.

The principal shook his head. Words were beyond him, as he looked at the ruin and waste before him.

"When the bell rings, go to the study hall, boys." Then going over to the teacher in the corner he whispered. "I'll ring the bell and then you come to me in the office."

In due time the teacher arrived at the office.

"You have not had much experience teaching boys, have you?"

"Me? Why I never taught anything in my life. I am just substituting until my job opens up. If this is what it means I won't want. I never thought it was like this. I thought you said, 'Do this' and they did it. But it isn't like that at all. You say, 'Do this' and they do something else. Isn't it so?"

He went away and a long procession of him followed. So many that "Little Son" forgot to mention it at lunch up. It became part of the daily routine.

Then one day the science man went away. That day "Little Son" cried, for the science man was a great teacher and the boys followed him as a Pied Piper.

Strange sights and sounds came from his room. Rumbles and flashes and nasty smells. Boys with sleeves rolled up and smudges across their noses dodged in and out and about on mysterious errands. Sometimes a big sign scrawled in wobbly big letters informed the curious that the science class had gone to the lark to string some wires and would be back after lunch. His work was art so

They made airplanes and motor boats. They experimented with paints. They invented signals. They mended the bells and installed new ones wherever there was an excuse for one. They were busy people and the teacher was the busiest one of the class. One never got a chance to speak to him except as he flew past with a kite tail of boys behind him, bound in hot pursuit of some new project.

One of his boys went from the classroom and enlisted in the navy as a wireless helper. An accident befell the big battleship he served and he lost his life. The science teacher who had fitted him for the service he had given his country, turned out with the rest of the school to pay him the last honors one snowy day in December. As the last of the sad procession passed from sight he sighed and turned back toward the school.

"I'll miss him so. I'll miss his coming back to tell me what he was doing and get advice about the things that were troubling him. That's the best part of my job. The boys coming back.

"It gives you such a feel of the world. You charge these kids and they go out and try themselves and then they come back, stepping high, and sort of recharge themselves and you. Yes, I'll miss him sorely."

When the high cost of living soared still higher he resigned. A short time later he returned to visit his old school.

"I've come back," he announced, "to be recharged, like the kids."

"What are you doing? How are you getting on? Are you getting ahead?"

"O, I make more money. My commission is about what my old salary used to be. I'm a few laps ahead of the butcher and baker. I'm getting hold of the coat tails of the H. C. L. and I suppose I ought to be satisfied with that.

"But I'm not. I want to be with the children. But if the people of the state would rather pay me for selling them cheap socks, why, I'll have to go on selling cheap socks so that my children may have a chance to live."

Science or socks? Cheap socks or fine children. There was a time when the distance between science teaching and selling cheap socks was as far apart as the poles. To-day the distance measures the difference between the sharp struggle for a bare living and the comfortable margin for a good living.

So the science man went away and there came in his place a breezy young man who carried a stout brief case of bright yellow leather with shiny buckles.

"Of course," he said to the principal, "I don't intend to do this for any length of time. I have to do something to earn my way through law school and as many of our great statesmen began their careers by teaching a school, I decided to follow their example.

"I'm altogether new at this sort of thing but I'll make a stab at it and get along as best I can. As I said, it is only for a short time that I'll do it."

Frank, at least, was the budding statesman. But what of the children? What were they to get from this strange bird of passage? He might make a good lawyer but it was scarcely fair that the children of the school should pay for his ambition. The children cannot afford such a teacher.

But he is abroad in the land. There are thousands and thousands of him in the schools of the country. The real teacher goes out and only "Little Son" knows anything about it or takes it to heart seriously.

Mrs. Preston, the Superintendent of Schools in Washington, has this to say about the short term teacher and his contribution to the children of the nation.

"There were some children who failed to receive their diplomas and those failures concerned me. I wondered why it was those children were failing and I sent a letter out to every child who had *failed* — just as I sent a letter of congratulation to those rural children who passed - and I asked them why they failed. I had a letter from a boy which runs about as follows:

"I will tell you, Mrs. Preston. I worked hard to get into the eighth grade and we had a good teacher, and I started in full of desire to work hard and receive a diploma and have good grades on the diploma. One of the towns outside offered our teacher more money and she left us after the first two months, and then our second teacher came and she was no good and we fired her and got

I can resist the least offers the most.

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a third teacher and she was not as good as the second teacher; and after a while we got a fourth teacher and she was greatly discouraged, and with all the effort the fourth teacher could make with me, I could not seem to straighten up to such an extent as to pass the examination."

To such a disaster have low salaries brought the children of America. These rural children form the greater number of the children in the country. They form 62.3% of the school population and only 45% of the money paid for salaries goes to the rural schools.

In other words the majority of the children in the schools are rural children and they are worse off for teachers than the city children and they are in a sufficiently bad way. It means that the larger number of the children of this country are not receiving adequate education because the country will not pay its teachers and run its schools on a proper business-like basis.

One of the returned soldiers took his little brother into one of the big public schools of a crowded city.

"I've moved the family to the city so the boy can get a chance to get the education I didn't get. We live in the mountains of Pennsylvania and the children can get to school only when the weather is good and the roads are good. That isn't too often.

"When I entered the army I couldn't read or write. Nobody had any use for me because I didn't know anything. I could drive horses but I couldn't read the names on the boxes or anything and I had a hard time till I learned.

"Please put him in a class and give him a chance."

The little chap was ten years old and couldn't make the first grade in the school. But he was as quick as a flash and soon made it all up. He got his chance such as it was. How about the others? They will say with the soldier boy, "I never got a chance. I lived out my life in the open country in the fairest land of all the earth, in the land of light and liberty. But I never got a chance. There was no money to pay teachers for children like me."

It is idle to say that fine teachers cost too much. A fine teacher can never cost too much. Whatever the price it should be paid in dollars and cents lest it be paid in terms of wasted childhood.

This money grubbing policy has forced upon the schools the part time worker. That is the teacher who does outside work to make up the difference between what he receives and what he needs. He fills in his afternoons and evenings and holidays with his side line. He works so hard that he is too tired to give of himself to the children and it is this self-giving that is important in teaching.

Pity the poor stepping-stone. See how it suffers.

This sort of teacher is too busy at night to prepare his lessons for the next day. He rushes in immediately before the first bell in the morning, barely in time to escape being late, and too late to have created a proper atmosphere for classroom work.

He hurries, hurries all day long. The little things that teachers attend to "between bites" are left out, and the odds and ends of clerical work that the real teacher does after the class has been dismissed, he does during lesson time. The whole session is tense with the hurry, hurry, hurry. And teaching should be such a leisurely process. The teacher's attitude should be one of poise and unhurried calm, otherwise the children lose their hold and become flustered and muddled. The inaccuracies multiply and the class is dismissed with the sense of irritation and bewilderment.

But the teacher must hurry on to the waiting job and there is no time for the quiet afterword that so many children need.

This horrible grind takes all the joy, all the spontaneity out of the teacher's work. The plan of work becomes cut and dried. The plan of last term, the plan of the term before that, is used for this term. It follows the bare bones of the Course of Study and that is all he has time for. Planning for the lesson takes thought and thought takes time and there is no time.

This is the way it works out in the spelling lesson.

"Position." The class takes writing position.

"I gave you the next ten words for today. Are you ready?"

The class take up their pens. Clearly and rapidly the teacher gives out the ten words. He takes them exactly as they come in the speller. Of course it would have been better teaching to have selected some of the words that the children would need in the composition lesson or the science lesson but that would have necessitated the teacher's having studied the day's work and there was no time at all.

When the ten words have been given out the class corrects as the teacher dictates.

"Mark the words that you have wrong. Give me the returns as I call the roll. Be sure to write correctly any that you have missed. Take the next ten in order."

The lesson is finished and dismissed from his mind.

Picture what this means carried into the history and literature.

"Who wrote Evangeline?"

"Henry W. Longfellow."

"Where is this story laid?"

"Acadia."

"Where was Acadia?"

"Canada."

Imagine his telling the story of the Lost Battalion. Think of what the boys will miss in terms of America. The teacher has no energy to put into the story. He will never hold them breathless and spellbound as they follow the little band forging far ahead of their friends in their haste to reach the post assigned them. Getting so far ahead that they find themselves alone in the heart of the enemy forest.

They will never hear the hiss and splash of the bullets as they plow through the grass or fall in hot spray in the spring the tired, thirsty, wounded soldiers try to reach.

They will never feel the hunger and thirst and sweat and agony of that little band of Americans who made the people of a nation sob and cheer in the joy of knowing they owned such sons.

They will never thrill with pride and fear and noble desire as they listen to the story of the rescuers creeping nearer and nearer and finally bringing them back in triumph.

They will never feel the pride and exultation of an American at the thought that this little band of Americans struck terror and despair to the hearts *(Continued on Page 66.)*

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The Business of Being a Father

By John S. Phillips

THERE are times when each of us has an unusually vivid and clear conviction of having failed in duty or obligation. I suppose these moments of enlightened self-accusation are valuable and wholesome.

I have recently had such an experience in reading the letters of Theodore Roosevelt to his children. Here was a man, busily occupied in great affairs, with full days, numberless engagements, hour after hour, almost minute after minute, constantly pressed by persons and events, and yet in the midst of this complicated and difficult activity, he found time somehow to write to his children constantly, to interest himself in their affairs and the things going on about him of mutual concern, and give them his best mind and the frequent practical expressions of his great heart. These letters form a record of affection and helpfulness of a father toward children that is not only a rare tribute to the man, but a noble example for all fathers.

It seems as if we were all too satisfied with the vivid consciousness of an inner sentiment toward those that are near to us; that we are not sufficiently concerned, because of the complexity and pressure of the daily life of business or occupation, with the practical expression of this affection in actions and in counsel for sons and daughters.

The writer of these words has five children. His relationship to them he views with the normal amount of fatherly interest. He is reasonaby close to them. He has a passionate desire that they should be well-educated, well guarded, given a fair opportunity for development and self-expression in study and work. But frequently, what might be called the business conscience has pushed aside the personal, and sometimes for long periods has prevented him from keeping the intimate touch essential to the relation of father and children.

Why is it that men, as parents, should regard the daily world of professional activity as more important than the minuter world of domestic life. In that little world is involved all the future of the family and of the nation. For practical results, there is demanded the best ability that lies in a man. The art of being a father involves not only heart and affection, but brains are needed; the best intelligence is required. A man gives that to his business or his profession. He thinks about his relations to the people associated with him. He considers the qualities and characteristics of his clients or his customers. He is truly concerned with his contemporaries in the same profession or business. But for this business of being a father, he too seldom has left over any effective residue of energetic and devoted thought, crystallizing itself into practical acts, just as those operations in his daily work come to definite performances with definite and known results.

Perhaps these generalizations are made on too slight and too personal a basis. Yet, observing the world in which I live, I have an idea that they will receive corroboration from most fathers who happen to read these lines.

This fresh, vivid knowledge of the way in which Theodore Roosevelt practiced the art of being a father has crystallized into a self-indictment which has in it some seeds of self-correction. We fathers must not be satisfied with the agreeable sentiment of affection, with the personal pride in these fine, growing little men and women who are our continuing selves. It is clear that a world of sound, responsible fathers, satisfied not simply with affection, but demanding practice and proof, would be a very happy and promising world.

We say nothing of the mothers. Their understanding of duty and responsibility is much clearer, and their practical use of it much more efficient. This is only the expression of one father to his fellows. May Theodore Roosevelt be an accusing and guiding example to us all.

(On Page 78 will be found another article on this absorbing subject)

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"Is there any monarch alive who could count on such eager devotion from his courtiers?"

WATCH YOUR DOG AND BE WISE!

By Albert Payson Terhune

KING SOLOMON, some centuries agone, advised the lazier readers of his priggish, if inspired, Proverbs, to make the Ant their model. Solomon was the wisest of kings. Ants are the busiest and thriftiest of workers. The harder a populace works, the richer the country and the greater the monarch. Yes, assuredly, Solomon was a wise king.

Yet, if he had been thinking more about his people's personal development and less about his royal revenues, he could have done the world a better turn by some such precept as this:

"Study your own dog. You can learn far more from him than he can learn from you."

Humanity, roughly, is made up of two classes,—those who like dogs and who don't understand them; and those who dislike dogs and who don't understand them. The man who understands his dog and who takes the trouble to study him, can learn enough lessons in behavior and ethics to carry him far toward perfection.

If Solomon could seriously commend the Ant to his people as a tutor, then no one need be ashamed to take a course of instruction from the dog. He can teach temper-control; he can teach a single-hearted and selfless loyalty that is sublime. He can teach courtesy; super acute observation; the perfection of courtierlike flattery; the most rigid discipline; and the art of forgiveness to a half-divine extent. He can teach you a thousand other worthwhile things For, in his best phase, he embodies them all. He is wisdom.

ALBERT Payson Terhune wrote his first novel a good many years ago in collaboration with his distinguished mother, "Marion Harland". His last story, "Lad" is a treasury of dog-love, and yet interesting all the way as a fine tale.

We could make a condensed character sketch of Terhune in one sentence: he has written many good books and he has owned many fine dogs in his time.

And it is but fair that you should learn of him. For, every day of his life, he is learning of you. He is studying your moods and wishes and habits and personality; and he is adapting himself to them with a skill little short of genius.

Your dog is stretched in front of the fire, after a tiring day. An ice-cold rain is sluicing down, outside the drowsy shelter of the warm hearth. You are going out on an errand or a call,—to some house to which you cannot well take your dog. If the case were reversed, you would loll cosily by the fire, and let your dog get drenched to the skin, before bothering to accompany him on any jaunt.

You put on your raincoat, and reach for your umbrella and hat. Before these preparations are half finished, the dog is up and eager to go with you, out of the warmth and into the storm. (He knows you are going out, because he sees you take up your outdoor things. Very easy deductive reasoning, of course, for a human. But did it ever occur to you to wonder how a supposedly unreasoning dog, untaught, learned to associate your outgoings with the donning of your street togs? It is clever of him. Yet it passes unnoted.)

You forbid him to go with you. He is crestfallen, miserable. In other words, he

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muddy hiking boot can scarcely be termed a luxurious pillow, even for a dog. Outside, on the veranda and lawn, six more collies are lounging.

Presently, I shall shift to my outdoor writing desk. The moment I start to leave my study, the two collies asleep in here will spring up to follow me,— although they are resting from a stiff ten-mile cross country run.

When my step shall sound on the veranda, the six other collies will come, at a mad gallop, to greet me. It is not their feeding time, nor will it be for another five hours. And they know it. There is nothing to be gained for them by their effusiveness. Yet they will rush up to me with all the eagerness that starving children might be expected to show at sound of the dinner bell.

They will ring me around, in glad welcome, keenly alert to greet me and to follow wherever I may choose to lead. They will form a galloping, riotously happy escort for me, on my way to the outdoor desk. There, they will camp down, as near to me as they can. And they will stay beside me as long as I remain there. Occasionally, one or another of them will stroll over to me in quest of a careless pat on the head. Then, happy at this tale recognition of his worship, he will go back to his rest.

I know all this will happen, because it has happened a thousand times. It is a simple

joyous scamper of fact through the wet darkness, and your dog is capering wildly around you. You scold him and order him back home. And, twice out of three times, you will find him waiting for you, shamefacedly yet hopefully, at the next turn of the road.

Before losing your temper with him, at this annoying juncture, just stop to think. Is there any human on earth,— wife, child, parent, sweetheart,— who would leave the fire's warmth, on a rainy night, — who would follow you unbidden and unwanted, into the storm; who would, at a sharp scolding and a kick or a beating, wistfully and sorrowfully accept the rapture of being somewhere near you? Is there such a human? Yet your dog does it. Where else can you look for so selfless an instance of love and companionship?

Your nerves on some other days are frayed and jaded after the petty irritations that humans who know you best are wise enough to keep out of your way, — not for your sake, but for their own. Your dog knows as well as do they, that it is neither safe nor pleasant to risk contact with you at such a time. Does he keep himself out of reach? He does not.

His is the "perfect love that casteth out fear." And he stays in your perilous vicinity, willing to serve as the butt of your crankiness, if only he need not be parted from you. If your wife and children are as unselfishly loyal, then you are blest beyond the common lot, in your family life.

There are two big collies lying asleep at my feet, while I write this. One of them has laid his furry head athwart my toes; — though a thing, yes. But is there any monarch alive, — or was there, in the monarchical past,— who could count on such eager devotion from his courtiers? Those courtiers would rise at his approach, it is true. They would follow him, slavishly; they would cloy him with compliment and with deference. But it would be for the sake of position or wealth or power or protection. And he would know it. On his fall, they would desert him at once for the usurper.

No, a man's dog is the ideal courtier. His is the flattery that is sincerest and warmest, — the flattery of perpetual companionship, in comfort or in poverty. It would cost me a fortune to bring a batch of my fellow-humans to the point of escorting me everywhere, and

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of hailing my advent with delight and my departure with woe. And it would not only be a ghastly bore to me, but a worse ordeal to them. For they would be in search of the "loaves and fishes"; not merely craving to be at their adored master's side.

Man can take a lifelong lesson in this subtlest form of flattery, from any mongrel pup that has once accepted him as master. And religious devotees can take similar lesson in perpetual adoration and in loving obedience to their deity. This in no shadow of irreverence. For, if we should all serve our God as the best of our dogs serve us, the date for the Millenium could be set.

In matters of ordinary sanity, too, especially as regards food and exercise and conservation of energy, the dog can teach us more than can all the health experts unhung. For example. Your dog will not eat, except when he is hungry. He will not drink, unless he is thirsty. He will not gorge himself, for conviviality's sake; and thus smash his digestion to uselessness and destroy his stomach. When he has had enough, he has had enough. He knows it. And he leaves off. How many humans can equal that?

Not being infallible, your dog may eat, once, something that makes him miserably sick. But, being only a soulless canine, and not a lord of creation, he will let that form of food severely alone, henceforth and forever. He has not the human wisdom to tackle the same indigestible fare, again and again, on the brilliant theory that perhaps this time it may not disagree with him.

When his stomach is out of sorts, he won't eat. He will abstain from food; without paying ten dollars to a gastric specialist to be told to "go light on eating for a day or two." (If some outsider has once illtreated him, for that matter, he will give the wrongdoer a wide berth, from thenceforward, instead of risking a second injury, human fashion, under the delusion that the malefactor may have reformed.)

Take your dog out for a walk that is long enough and rough enough to tire both yourself and him. Along the route, you may stop to talk with some passerby or to admire a view or to cut a walking stick or to pick flowers or to study some forest-growth. What will your dog be doing while you are occupied in one of these pursuits? The moment he realizes you have come to a temporary halt, he will lie down. The chances are,—if the wait be long enough,—that he will go to sleep. In any event, he will relax every muscle, thus utilizing the pause by resting his tired sinews and by building up reserve strength for the rest of the journey.

Dogs take more of these momentary rests than we humans know. When they have anything to do, they do it with all their vigor and will. But when there is nothing to do, they lie down and rest. They do not fritter away their strength and their nerves, needlessly, like humans. Wherefore, a tired dog very soon becomes a rested dog. He does not use up thirty percent of his energy on needful exertion and seventy percent of it on avoidable movement, as you and I do. He has reduced activity and rest to a science.

If you rob him of exercise and stuff him with fat-producing foods, he will grow stout and unwieldy. But if you let him get all the exercise he needs and give him a normally healthful diet, he will keep himself in such physical trim as not one human in fifty has the wit to do.

We have the selecting of our own dietary. We have the power and the time for exercise to keep us in perfect condition. How many of us use dog-sense in availing ourselves of that high privilege?

A neighbor of mine once soaked a slice of bread in whiskey and fed it to his hungry young dog. The saturated bread vanished at one mouthful down the puppy's throat. And presently the giver was treated to an exhibition of canine drunkenness that struck

Little boys and big boys too need dogs. And so do little girls and big girls. Many dogs are educational. If you will deign to learn from him, your dog will teach you how to live. Never be too proud to seek the lesson that he can teach.

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Pups are puppies the . . .

In maturity they are useful as . . . al ornamental, and awa . . . es regard their vigilance . . . th the strictest dis . . .

him as exercise mingle funny. So funny did he find it that he sought to repeat the exploit for the delight of spectators. But the dog would not touch the liquor-soaked morsel. At second sight, it was also an object of disgust. Now, in the days when I might be, would be over-anxious to feed again the . . . ll-fed . . . and treat . . . to eat.

Several million men and boys have felt the same repulsion, after the first overdose of whiskey. How many of them have had the dog's levelheadedness in leaving it, henceforth, alone?

Our great cedar, Sunnybank Lad, canine super man, if ever there was one, was afflicted with but two real faults in the course of his otherwise blameless career. Both of these peccadilloes were to heroically petty; yet they made up the sum of his Beseeching Sins. One of them was a mania for chasing automobiles. The other was an irresistible craving to wander into the dining room — which no dog except himself was allowed to enter, — and there to lap up the saucer of milk that sat on the hearth for the Mistress's Persian kitten.

Yes, they were laughably petty faults, especially the milk-drinking. And they sat queerly enough on the character of the state best dog I have known. Yet they repre-

sented his only unresisted temptations to sin. We called him back to us, sharply, when he ran after passing cars, and scolded him for chasing them. We took him to task in like manner when we found him abstracting the kitten's milk.

And, almost at once, the big dog began to fight against his failings. When he saw or heard a car coming along the distant high road, he would set out in pursuit, at whirlwind speed, giving to mine as he went. Then midway, with my call from us, he would waver, halt and turn back. Straight up to the Mistress or to myself he would trot, crinkling his nose and exhibiting in truly awful fashion, and holding up one white forepaw after another in plea for pardon.

It was the same when temptation lured him into annexing the saucerful of milk. Several times, when we had had no idea he had fallen victim to one or another of these heinous sins, he would come, redeye up to us, wherever we might be, making horrible faces of contrition at us, and offering paw after paw in quick succession.

And, in surprisingly short time he had overcome both temptations. When the whim of a moment surrounded through the countryside, I should gallop upto the nearest human and would stand there, quivering all over, until the car had gone by. He seemed to think he could resist better if he had human companionship in his moment of temptation. Often, too, through the veranda windows, I have seen him make a wide detour around the hearth where stood the milk saucer, when he had occasion to go through the dining room.

To the day of his death — having once learned to resist — Lad never again broke the law in either of these respects. This, too, with no memory of blow or stick to deter him. He was not a dog to be struck or otherwise punished. A sharp word of rebuke hurt him worse than would the lash of a dog-whip. But — are there many humans who could fight so successfully against their pet temptations big or little — and who could at last overcome them so completely? I thinknot,— judging fellow-mortals by myself. (*Continued on Page 69*)

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THAT DOGGONE DENOMINATOR

By Dr. Frank Crane

Decoration by Franklin Booth

WHAT Carlyle said, that Happiness is as the Value of a Common Fraction, is one of the most piercing truths ever uttered by anybody.

The Numerator is *What You Have.* The Denominator is *What You Think You Ought To Have.* What Happiness you have is equal to the first divided by the second.

If you get $2000 a year (= Numerator) and want $4000 a year (= Denominator) you are one-half happy, or 2 over 4.

There are two possible ways to remedy this; one is to multiply the numerator, that is, *get more,* say 2 times as much; then you have $\frac{4}{4}$ which is 1, or twice $\frac{1}{2}$. The other is to divide the denominator, that is, *want less,* say want $2000 instead of $4000; then you have $\frac{2}{2} = 1$ or twice $\frac{1}{2}$, precisely as satisfactory a process as multiplying the numerator, and a heap easier.

Fools multiply the numerator. Wise men, including Socrates, Buddha, Jesus, Thoreau and everybody else that knows the trick of being happy, divide the denominator.

The trouble is, when you try to increase your happiness by getting more things (by multiplying your numerator) and when you succeed in getting an extra $2000, that doggone denominator has increased also.

It won't stay put. When you get more, you want more. The denominator sneaks up in the dark.

So, cut down the denominator. It's hard to *get more* money, sometimes impossible, but you can go into your closet, take yourself in hand, and *want less* — in fifteen minutes.

Practice this. It's cheap. And it can't possibly hurt you. Walk through the department stores, for instance, and note the infinite number of Things You Don't Want, and thank God.

The cheap common herd are all honing for More Money, More Things. Hence pessimism, Bolshevism and universal bellyache. And there are not Things enough on earth, nor in the starry globes that crowd the sky, to satisfy that horse-leech appetite of the disordered soul that continually cries, "Give, Give."

But you — Be Happy! It's easy. Just be tickled to pieces to think how much junk there is in this cluttered cosmos for which you have no mortal use!

How easy—just Keep your eye on That Doggone Denominator!

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Miss Jane A. Delano, Director of the Department of Nursing, American Red Cross,

born at Montour Falls, New York, March 12, 1858; died at Savenay, France, April 15, 1919.

AT SAVENAY

By Herbert S. Gorman

WITH rustling garments of grey rain and mist
The delicate sad twilight takes its way
In soft recurrence to the tender tryst
At Savenay.

And meeting twilight come the men who died,
The broken bodies and unshaken souls,
The valorous ones who on the midnight cried
For starry goals.

At twilight shape and shape meet where the rain
With gentle fingers strokes the wearied day;
And with those phantoms you come back again
The sunset way.

No hope you had of wealth or fame
But with vast pity shaped your days,
And sought the vision that became
A sun before your steady gaze.
It was not yours to lead the host
And capture towns and citadels:
You knew where you were needed most
Beyond those unregarding hells,
And with a wisdom all divine
You organized and flung them forth,
That army just behind the line
Who brought their ministering worth.

Time gathers to her ancient heart
Those days of mingled death and fire;
The thunder of the guns depart
But still exists your great desire, —
The wish to bring to weary men
The rest for which their bodies cry,
To peace their souls have need of when
They writhe in pain and long to die.
The army that you made your own
Was one of Life and not of Death;
Before its august light alone
Our heavy sorrows wither.

The sunlight is a cloth-of-gold
Upon the smiling fields of France:
Where once the sullen cannon rolled
The little children leap and dance:
But there is not a single place
Where men have crumbled in the flame
Of lead and shrapnel but your face
Has lighted up the awful game. . .
The women of your army corps,
(Who knows how thrilled by your great soul!),
Have ventured through those seas of gore
And made the shattered bodies whole.

There is not much that we can say. . .
There is not much that we can do. . .
But thinking of you live our day
As calm and confident as you.
And recognizing still our debt
And mindful of the weight you bore,
I hardly think we will forget
As long as there is life and war. . .
Though time has changed and you have died
We see your vision as a Grael,
And like a star your name beside
The name of Florence Nightingale.

With changing hues the tender sunrise comes
And kindles with pale gold the winding way:
The tall trees quiver, vibrant as dim drums,
At Savenay.

The peasant goes his patient road again
And does his daily task, nor stops to think
That war has been: mad blood and grief and pain
In darkness sink.

A new world blooms in ashes of the old,
A fresher vision blossoms from the dew;
With lifted eyes that meet the morning's gold
We think of you.

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"MY WORK! MY WORK! I MUST GET BACK TO MY WORK!"

The last words of a great nurse and a great woman

THE story is told that when Miss Jane A. Delano was dying in an Army base hospital in the French town of Savenay, after she had seen the fruition of her great work of organizing the nursing service of the American Red Cross and of the American Army, the last words she said before she became unconscious were these:

"My work, my work; I must get back to my work!"

Nothing could better illustrate the attitude of this woman who labored so incessantly throughout her life for the betterment of the nursing service, and whose great and enduring monument is the unqualified love and respect which American soldiers, and particularly those who were patients in the military hospitals, feel so deeply for the American nurse.

It was as an organizer that Miss Delano did her greatest work, but there is much evidence of her bravery and devotion and efficiency as a nurse. She graduated from the training school of Bellevue Hospital, in New York City, in 1896, and two years later she volunteered to nurse yellow fever cases in Jacksonville, Fla., in the days before medical science had conquered this disease, and when proximity to a yellow fever patient meant almost certain death. Upon her return from the South she was appointed Superintendent of the Nurses' Training School of the University of Pennsylvania, and later returned to Bellevue to direct the nurses' training school there. And so excellent was her work that in 1904 she was appointed Superintendent of the hospital.

Miss Delano's work at Bellevue brought to the front her ability as an organizer, and attracted attention in nursing and medical circles all over the United States, so that in 1905, when the American Red Cross entered into an agreement with the American Nurses' Association to develop nurses' reserves for the Army Nursing Corps, she was appointed Chairman of the committee in charge of the work.

She was indefatigable in her efforts to enlist nurses for prospective service with the Army, and it was because of this that 8,000 selected and competent nurses were available when the United States entered the war against Germany, while under her leadership and with the encouragement of her lifetime of devotion, 30,000 trained nurses were recruited for service with the Army and Navy.

The end of the war brought to a conclusion the campaign to recruit nurses for active service, but it brought no respite to the work of Miss Delano. She became intensely interested in the nursing problems of the devastated countries of Europe, and gave to that work the genius of organization with which she had wrought veritable miracles in America. It was while she was making a survey of the nursing needs of France, and of the work of the American Red Cross in that country, that she became ill and was compelled to undergo several operations for mastoiditis, from the effects of which she never recovered. She died on April 15, 1919 in Base Hospital No. 69, Savenay, France, and that which she had undertaken had been accomplished.

In the memorial meetings which have been held in honor of Miss Delano throughout the country since she died, many tributes have been paid to her, as many as there are great men and women in the United States. None of them more fully expressed the gratitude and deep affection which the people and the soldiers of America feel for her than an address recently delivered by Dr. W. S. Thayer of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and late Brigadier General in the Medical Corps of the United States Army. After expressing an appreciation of the whole profession of nursing, Dr. Thayer said of Miss Delano:

"She lived to see nursing generally recognized as an indispensable complement to the practice of medicine; she lived to see the trained nurse universally regarded and employed as a vital agent in measures of public sanitation throughout the civilized world.

"To the affiliation and co-ordination of the important nursing agencies of the country, to the end that, under the American Red Cross, there might be established a force of nurses properly selected and organized, and adequate not only for the demands of peace but for the emergencies of war, she gave the later years of her life.

"She lived to see the standards of nursing for which she stood recognized by the government. She lived to see the nursing agencies of America united and co-operating with the Army and the Red Cross. She lived to know that the Red Cross was ready, and to realize that it had given to the Army a contingent second to none in the service, in character, in morale, in organization, in efficiency.

"She lived to see that the American Army Nurse had stood the test.

"She gave her life freely and unreservedly to a noble service.

"She died at the height of her powers — at work.

"She was a fine figure — the figure of an nurse."

Nobly spoken of a noble woman.

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THAT BRAVE NORTHWEST

"Men, Women and Children - Everybody Was at Work"

by Ida M. Tarbell

Illustration by Angus MacDonall

IT would be difficult to imagine an institution more perfectly devised to satisfy the gipsying instincts which at times break out in the soberest of professional folk tied to bread-earning, than that known as the Chautauqua Circuit. It gives you a tent, a new field every day and with it the consoling certainty that you are "working." Above all it offers you the "people." Nowhere else, I wager, can you in the same length of time touch so many of them, or look into so many layers of American life.

Fresh as I am as this writing from ten weeks of this semi-professional picnicking 66 nights of speaking in 66 different towns I have a sense of having touched something solid and healthy — folks and activities, in consoling and inspiring contrast to the scared, neurotic, jangling public the war has left behind. It comes as a blessed relief to see with your own eyes that the world holds so much steadiness and sanity, small hint of which is yet in our daily journals.

Our circuit lay in the Northwest, zigzagging over five great States. It took us across hot, yellow and gray deserts, framed in bare mountains of lovely changing color, over "benches" left by ancient lakes, along great rivers that have worn their channels deep into lava beds, through narrow canyons, up and down steep mountains. We ran through fruit lands laid out with the precision of an Italian garden and looked up from time to time to some great opalescent snow dome that, isolated and alone, watched over a far spreading land of plains and hills. We pitched our tent in mining towns and fair cities, in lumber camps and in sound and strait settlements, beside colleges and state capitols, on famous roundup grounds in the sight of Indian reservation and in the shadow of Big Timber.

It was a land of labor. Not a point did we touch where men and women were not in a tussle with Nature for her fruits and her stored up treasure. Here it was silver — lead, and there spruce lumber. Now cherries and now wheat. Here copper and there the smelting of the native ores the mountains yield. Berries, fish, oil, timber, cattle, apples, beets; every town had its specialty, and that specialty was its over-weening pride.

Pride in the fruits of their labor — I think I have never seen greater or more justified. It is only equalled by their pride in the men who have done the thing. You see, it is all so young that the men who turned the first sod, planted the first apple tree, discovered

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the first gold or copper or lead are often still active. If not, their sons and friends are there. Everywhere is a tale of human courage, of adventure, hardship, often bloodshed, but ending in conquest. They are all near enough to the real thing to do honor to those who have won out. And they scorn to call it luck.

They remember that the man who has "made a million" from a silver lead mine spent years on his knees, pecking at the earth, living on hard tack and salt fish, sleeping on the ground before he "struck it" and they don't begrudge him his winnings. They boast of them instead.

Never anywhere have I had such a sense that everybody was at work. The price of these abundant harvests is not only eternal vigilance, it is knowledge, study, experiment. Never have you seen a population keener for the best way of doing a thing and more willing to change if change promises more or better fruit, a new variety, a richer grain,—men, women and children. And yet, whatever the labor, you find them absorbed in life and willing to sacrifice, to make many extra efforts in order to multiply interests outside of the labor to which they give themselves so abundantly. These women, half of whom run big or little ranches, and nine-tenths of whom turn off all their housework — still find an appetite and the time for all sorts of outside things.

It is this interest in outside things which accounts for us. Take our circuit — as I have said, it included 66 towns ranging over five States; but we were far from being the only circuit in this field. There were probably going on every day in this Northwest at least forty different Chautauquas. And it is not an easy thing for a community to have its Chautauqua, for it is a cooperative enterprise. The big tent is not pitched unless the town wants it and has bound itself by a contract to do its part. It means a financial obligation. That is, there must be a certain number of men and women willing to guarantee that a certain number of tickets will be bought in the community. If this is not done, they, as individuals, are responsible for the sum. They must take it upon themselves, too, that some suitable place is found to pitch the tent.

Three things are necessary for a satisfactory set up: accessibility, cleanliness and quiet. To the first, the other two must if necessary be sacrificed. They usually are. If now and then we found ourselves in a heavenly spot, perfect sward under our feet, great mountains looking down on us, perhaps a river at our feet, more often we were pitched on a sandy lot which the tramping of hundreds of feet had worn deep with dust.

In all these situations, troublesome as some may be at the moment, one must not complain to the committee. You may be certain it has done its best. The committee is sensitive. The one thing it cannot tolerate is an intimation that there is anything unpleasant about the town — "the best town in the Northwest." Part of its business is impressing this upon you. Nine times out of ten when "talent" arrives it is met at the train not only by the local superintendent and crew but by a hospitality committee, intent on proving this to you. There is a hurried moment when the day's business is arranged: baggage, hotel, mail, telegrams, hours of sessions, unusual situations, and then come the invitations! Lunches, dinners, drives, picnics.

It is not only a considerable nuisance and care to a number of people to secure the Chautauqua, but it is a real sacrifice for almost everybody to attend. The marvel is that the audiences are what they are. I had several chance encounters which showed me how they manage it.

One day I fell in with a handsome, sparkling-eyed woman of sixty, coming home from the afternoon session. She carried a lunch basket. "I am going picnicking," she said, "along with some folks from over our way. I always come in Chautauqua week, and take a room and do light housekeeping. John gets in now and then. He is coming in tonight with Mr. Jones, and we are all going to have supper together down at the Campers' Park, where Mrs. Jones and the children have their tent. Would you like to come along?"

"I would love it," I said.

On the way down she told me all about it.

"We live out forty miles from here, and I get ready for this week just as I get ready for my trip East every three years. You see, I have been kept from lectures and music for thirty years. It is just that time since John

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and I took up our first sage brush claim. We have worked hard, but it has been a great adventure. We have succeeded, but that does not mean out here that there is nothing for us to do now. We Westerners don't see it that way. We simply change our kind of work as we prosper, use our hands less and our heads more, so you see I have to do some thinking to get this week free. John insists on it for he knows that it is good for us both."

She led me through the town to a long strip of wooded land, stretched along a rapid river of gray glacier water. A smooth, broad highway — one of the fine State roads that her great State, though it is still hardly over half a million in population — insists on building. Dotted through the park were little white tents, each pitched beside a car — and not always a little car, by any means. There was more than one that would look well on Fifth Avenue. Our party was close to the river — a very substantial outfit, indeed,— a big tent — well built fire-place, cots, tables, the best of camping utensils — a really professional set up.

Here I found Mrs. Jones and her five children were living for Chautauqua week. Like my hostess, she came yearly — and like my hostess, she had to "plan ahead" to make it possible. "We would n't miss it for the world," she said. "Why, we just live off what we get there the year around."

The men soon dashed up — brown, muscular, keen-eyed ranchers. There was a joyful and noisy reunion. There was as much inquiry and chatter about things at home and what had been going on at Chautauqua as if they had not seen one another for a month.

While the women prepared the supper, I talked with the men — the drought, the I. W. W., the "boys" just from France and how they were taking hold again — the price of wheat — we ran the gamut rapidly and rather perfunctorily. They were much more interested in explaining to me the wonders of the Campers' Park, and I in seeing it, for it was an institution quite new to me and one that I found scores of towns in the Northwest were taking up with enthusiasm. Indeed it was a natural response to a growing need. The roads of the Northwest are alive with tourists, with big and little cars — loaded to the last carrying pound with equipment and "trippers." They race across deserts and over mountains, stopping by the wayside for meals and for nights. The towns, seeing that these tourists were a potential value to the town, began providing them everywhere with pleasant and convenient camping sites.

In this particular park, possibly 20 acres have been set aside and fitted with various conveniences. There were little tables and benches far enough apart to give each little party a certain privacy if it wished it. There were wash places along the river side, not unlike those one sees in France and in Kentucky, and women on their knees rubbing clothes. The pride of the place was a large central "kitchen pavilion" they described it, furnished with electric stoves and electric irons. When we looked in, every stove and every iron had its woman. In every direction fires were burning, suppers were being eaten, groups were visiting. It was a world of ease taking its pleasure after a year of struggle.

"What do you suppose they do at home?" I asked my guides. "Work," they said promptly. "That fellow with the big car there — he is a machinist — a top notcher — know it by his hands. Probably bought that car second hand, and he's taking care of it, too. Should n't wonder if he'd come from Chicago. Always tell city folks. But there's a lot of clerks here — August's a dull month for them. We get most of 'em then. Some school teachers — notice that bunch of women?"

It was to be expected of course that the talk should run on cars, and that it should come, as it always does, to the "Ford." The Ford trial was still fresh in the public mind and I had already discovered that the reports of the examination had been read — generally with considerable resentment at the turn Mr. Ford's examination took. It cropped out at once with my host. "I did n't like what they tried to do to Henry Ford," said Mr. Jones, with emphasis. "It's a mean thing. What if he did n't know whether Toll-sto-ee is dead or alive. What's that got to do with him or me? Why, that man's done more for this country than all the Toll-sto'-ees that ever lived. Look around this park and see how these people are enjoying themselves — families that eleven months out of the year have to work every day of the week and worry about getting along and about their health and about educating their children — look at 'em — all that's gone — no worrying, just enjoying. And think of what they are learning and what they're going to have to talk about next winter. How many of them would be doing this if it had n't been for Henry Ford? *He's opened up the road to the working folks of this country.*

"And think of what he is planning — a tractor the little fellow can afford — a tractor the man with 20 acres can afford. Think what that would mean to you and me twenty years ago. 'Ignorant idealist' — what's his car and his tractor and his five dollars a day to his men but idealism? I'd like to know who in this country has ever done more for common folks like us than Henry Ford."

It took considerable tact on the part of Mr. Jones and his wife to steer him away from the subject. In all my ten weeks I did not run across another grievance as deep and resentful as this of my chance host over Henry Ford's trial.

There was many a time that I recalled his phrase — "He's opened up the road to the working folks of this country." More than once I wondered if this fact was not going to prove a strong factor in solving the difficult problem that the Northwest now has on its hands, of providing satisfactory amusement to a certain class of its important citizens who heretofore have had only one place of amusement, and that the saloon.

What are they going to give up there to the men of the lumber camps who at the end of their working day find themselves miles upon miles from all society or amusement? My circuit led me into one mining gulch, where at every step the problem shrieked at me. It was a canyon so narrow that it took the most adroit manoeuvering to provide room for both a railroad track and a wagon road. There were spots where a car or carriage had to take to a turn-out cut from the mountain in order to let a train pass. At one place the hotel was built over the tracks, and in another the superstructure of the mines which hang like great swallow nests from the side of the mountain, was built over the road.

There are five months of the year when the sun does not reach the little town. The winter brings snow so heavy that there is no exit. Again and again the heavy masses of snow have cut loose from the mountain side and engulfed houses and people. In the summer comes the threat of fire. Let it "jump the mountain" and there is no escape. Thus these people live always isolated and facing Nature in her fiercest moods. They bring their women here and rear their children here.

Liquor and gambling were their former sources of pleasure, as fierce and destructive as their labor and their surroundings. The tales of their reckless play with life and wealth are endless. All of them at the start risked life for wealth.

Through this gulch I walked one day with a woman who had been here for some years. She said, graphically, "I had to step over the drunken men that lay across the road in those days; but now — not a saloon, not an open gambling place." Before the door of the hotel sat a row of miners off duty — clean, powerful fellows — talking,— talking about striking probably. What else could they have for excitement? Up and down the street wandered a few more, looking at the tawdry trinkets in shop windows. It was almost comic.

"What can they do," I asked a wise man of the canyon.

"There is one answer," he said.

Passing us on the road was a shiny new Ford. It was being gingerly driven by a big and burly miner. Beside him sat a thin but happy faced woman and behind a half dozen at least of children, quiet as mice in their unexpected grandeur. "That fellow has been one of the toughest characters we have ever had in this place. He's been two years now on only such liquor as the bootleggers could give him. Three months ago the superintendent persuaded him to buy that car. He's as devoted to it as he ever was to poker; and the funny thing is that he's afraid of it. I don't believe anything could be healthier for Tom than being afraid of something. Its humbled (*Continued on Page 60*)

THE CURRENT OF LIFE

IN this brave and beautiful Northwest, one gets an unusually open view of the normal current of human life. Views and wars, dreams and riots, may ruffle its surface, clog it for a moment, even force it to make a long, swift leap, but they change neither its course, its volume nor its nature. For it flows on forever.

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"READY!"

The answer of the Red Cross to the call of Corpus Christi

Circumstances that appalled the stoutest hearts, terror and distress combined to test the peace time preparedness of the organization in the greatest disaster since Galveston. But the people and the plans proved themselves and won the warm gratitude of a state.

The hurricane and tidal wave that wrecked Corpus Christi and took many lives would have reaped a more horrible toll but for the fine leadership displayed by Miss Mildred Seaton chairman of the city's chapter of the Red Cross and her staff

TO a lot of people in the little city of Corpus Christi down in Texas the fierce wind and the uproar of Nature that catapulted in from the Gulf on a night in the middle of September carried a message of fear and of distress. The memory of Galveston was still fresh enough in all minds to intimidate the bravest. As hour after hour went by and the gale still increased in force until it became apparent that it's climax would prove a disaster of the gravest nature, fear and distress intensified until the place, with few exceptions, was verging upon a panic.

These few exceptions were notable ones, however, and it is mostly because of them that this story can be told with pride. For it is a story of fine American courage and skill and sense in the face of the greatest danger of the most widespread misfortune, of organization that probably saved the lives of a whole community and that certainly saved lives.

To one person in Corpus Christi the growlers of the elements carried something more than the warning of approaching horror. Upon a little house on a hill in the higher part of the city was a woman to whom all of this tumult must brought a message of work. Miss Seaton, chairman of the Corpus Christi chapter of the American Red Cross, foresaw, long hours before the crisis was at hand, that she and her associates had a job upon their hands, the like of which they had scarcely conceived before. It was characteristic of Miss Seaton that she looked upon the occasion with confidence and determination.

Thus it was that all through that night, members of the Red Cross organization throughout the city were called to the telephone with some such message as this:

"If you are alive in the morning report here at my house. All of the Red Cross women I can reach will be here."

Miss Seaton had rolled up her sleeves and started in. For a long time before, it seems, she had thought over what she would do in the case of a great emergency and had so settled upon plans that there was little or no delay in arriving at conclusions that were needed with the utmost dispatch.

Soon the storm reached its greatest destructiveness. Houses were ripped to pieces as effect tells us if they has been in the path

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of all the Kaiser's cannons. Trees were torn up by the roots, valleys became mountains and mountains were washed away. Lives were snuffed out as goes the feeble flame of a candle. Clothes were torn from the bodies and human resistance to the force of the onslaught was in vain. It seemed as if the heavens and the earth had joined in a mad dance of death.

Sunday morning dawned upon as dreary and terrible a scene as has ever been produced save possibly by the hand of man Wreckage strewed the landscape for miles, the sea had risen until it inundated great stretches of land and had flooded a part of Corpus Christi and the wretched persons who were abroad hurried about as if they were harried by invisible persecutors. It was in this moment that the work Mildred Seaton had planned came into force.

It had so happened that the Seaton home was situated next to the Presbyterian Church and across the street from the Corpus Christi High School. During the night Miss Seaton had got in touch with the sexton of the church and with the teacher of the domestic science class at the school. High above both buildings floated the emblem of the Red Cross and the hour of trial found the devoted women of that organization ready and waiting for what was to come. The teacher had collected as many of her pupils as she could reach and by the time the streams of bedraggled, miserable refugees had begun to flow to the spot hot food was awaiting them. At the same time Miss Seaton and her fellow workers had gathered large supplies of garments and relief equipment of all sorts. It was a sight and situation to give heart to the most downcast and hopeless. It gave new strength and fortitude to the entire city.

The Red Cross was on the job — the only organized body designed for such emergencies, taking up the work of relief.

Meanwhile, many miles away in St. Louis, headquarters of the Southwestern Division of the Red Cross which embraces the Corpus Christi district, the news had been received and the officials there were working with as great speed and as good effect as were those local representatives upon the very scene. Alfred Fairbank, manager of the Division, at once wired to Gov. William P. Hobby of Texas offering to place the entire resources of the division at the disposal of the authorities to aid the hurricane victims. A. W. Jones Jr. of St. Louis, Director of Civilian Relief, was ordered to the scene and Red Cross workers at Laredo and San Antonio received telegraphed instructions to accompany the relief trains being made up at those points carrying army and Red Cross supplies to the stricken city.

Director Jones, upon his arrival at Corpus Christi, was requested by city and state officials to conduct a survey of the situation. He, with the relief trains, had arrived there even before wire communication with the outside world had been reestablished, and the vigor with which he and his assistants plunged into their work furnished the needed tonic to supplement that offered by the initiative of Miss Seaton. Mr. Jones' survey brought out the fact that possibly 500 persons had lost their lives, that 4000 had been made homeless and that upwards of $20,000,000 of damage to property had been done. It was an appalling situation, one in which the invaluable experience and the ability to move quickly and act decisively, that characterizes the Red Cross, were never more needed. As an example of this one phase of the case may be cited the action of Galveston officials of the organization. Learning that Port Aransas, Aransas Pass and Rockport, other Gulf towns, were cut off from the mainland at Corpus Christi by high water, they chartered a Government tug, loaded it with tons of food, clothing and medical stores and hurried to the scene so that many lives were saved and the most acute distress averted.

At Corpus Christi itself, within a short time after the arrival of the relief trains, four thousand refugees were being fed daily at three emergency Red Cross kitchens. Funds from Red Cross Chapters in various parts of Texas were by now being telegraphed into the city and indeed from all parts of the country. A unique and satisfying fact in this connection was that many cities and governors asked that the funds they sent should be administered in accordance with Red Cross standards and accounted for by the American Red Cross. Director Jones who had been named by Mr. Fairbank as the official agent in charge of all disaster relief activities in and around Corpus Christi, readily undertook this work also.

In this way and under such auspices the task went forward. Gradually order was restored and life in Corpus Christi took on an aspect of normality. The dread task of completing the lists of the dead and missing was completed, relatives of residents and visitors all over the country were informed, in answer to anxious inquiries, as to the survivors, the injured were cared for and the homeless provided for.

So the work of rehabilitation progressed and in it the Red Cross continued to take a leading part. Members of the organization were included in the (*Continued on Page 68*)

THE CAVE OF BECKY THATCHER

By Vachel Lindsay

Inscribed to Bruce Campbell, who read "Tom Sawyer" with me in the Old House, in Indiana.

BENEATH Time's roaring cannon
Many walls fall down.
But though the guns break every stone
Level every town:

Within our Grandma's old front hall
Some marbles flourish yet:
The Pavement from Verona
Where stands sweet Juliet:
The roof of Bluebeard's palace:
And Kubla Khan's wild towers:
The cave of young Aladdin:
All these, are ours —

And the garden of Old Sparta
Where little Helen played!
The grotto of Miranda
That Prospero arrayed:
And the cave, by the Mississippi,
Where Becky Thatcher strayed.

On that rag carpet stairway
Gleams Cinderella's shoe:
Upon that mighty mountainside
Walks Snow-white in the dew:
Upon that grassy hillside
Walks shining Nicolette: —
That stairway of remembrance
Time's cannon will not get —
That chattering slope of glory
Our playing cousins made:
The hill, by the Mississippi,
Where Becky Thatcher strayed.

Spring beauties on the cliffside,
Love in the air,
While the soul's deep Mississippi
Sweeps on, forever fair.
And he who enters in the cave
No fiend shall make afraid: —
The cave, by the Mississippi,
Where Tom and Becky strayed.

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DOWN in Wilmington, North Carolina, there is a man named Hugh MacRae, who has a brand new idea about the way to treat his fellow men. He calls it "Human Engineering, the Science with a Soul." Read about this eager pioneer and his work.

MAKING PEOPLE INTO FOLKS

By Melville Chater

GOOD fortune had dropped me into Wilmington, North Carolina, on the "Welcome Home Day," such as must have been held under various forms in every city and village of our land since the first siren greeted the first returning troopship. It was impressive to be in a Southern town of tradition, with its quiet, tree-shaded streets, its black "mammies" perambulating its patrician babies, and above all, its faded recollections of Sherman's March and of blockade-running along the Cape Fear River — it was impressive, I say, to be in a town of such sectional war-memories when it was now expressing its share of a truly national home-coming.

There were bands, speeches, parades — but of course you remember the Welcome Home Day in your own town. "Here's the sturdy, old-time Americanism, right enough," exclaimed my host enthusiastically, as we tiptoed for a glance over the crowd, "That's because these parts have practically no immigrant pop —" But just then his words were drowned by nearby cheering, through which someone shouted, "There he goes — the Polack kid who killed the U-boat!"

The cheers came particularly from a group of country people who, decorated with Liberty Loan buttons, were forgetting, in their excitement, to talk English. Not only were there Poles among them, but as I judged, Italians, Greeks, Hollanders, and other men who might have come from any part of the Balkan States. And though these countryfolk — husbands, wives and children — stood out distinctly as foreigners in type, their enthusiasm was gloriously at

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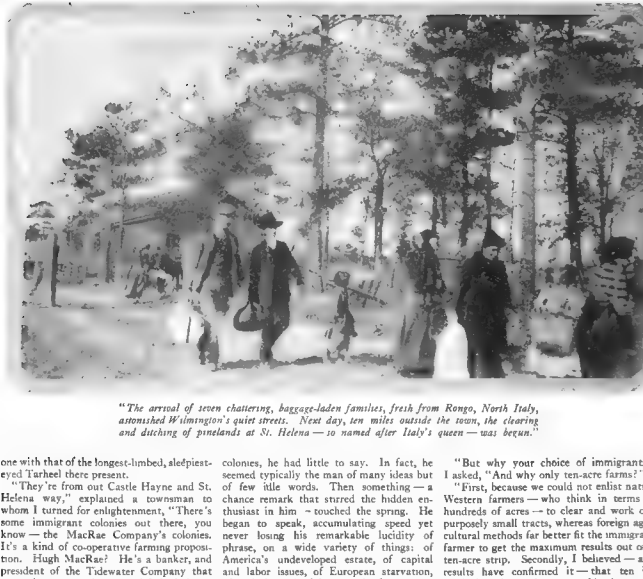

"The arrival of seven chattering, baggage-laden families, fresh from Rongo, North Italy, astonished Wilmington's quiet streets. Next day, ten miles outside the town, the clearing and ditching of pinelands at St. Helena — so named after Italy's queen — was begun."

one with that of the longest-limbed, sledpriest-eyed Tarheel there present.

"They're from out Castle Hayne and St. Helena way," explained a townsman to whom I turned for enlightenment, "There's some immigrant colonies out there, you know — the MacRae Company's colonies. It's a kind of co-operative farming proposition. Hugh MacRae? He's a banker, and president of the Tidewater Company that owns the street-railways, and I don't know what-all else."

"A capitalist, eh?"

"Why, yes, I reckon you'd call him that."

"And how does he happen to be interested in co-operative farming?"

As to that, my informant could n't say. Mr. MacRae had been at it for fifteen years, but nobody knew just what he was driving at. Improvement of real-estate values, some said. "And *some* say," added the speaker, "that he's a — well, a kind of a dreamer, Mr. MacRae is."

The conception of a capitalist financing a co-operative farming scheme interested me to the extent of my calling at Mr MacRae's office, next day. To judge from his manner of presiding at the conference which was in progress when I arrived, I would have taken the so-called dreamer for a keen, short-speeched, manager of things and men. Later, when I sat facing him from the opposite side of a desk in his private office, I became gradually conscious of a terse-speaking, simple-mannered man whose eyes seemed concentrated upon a lifelong task of turning the invisible into realities — a man who might spend his whole life upon some large, impersonal end, while instinctively seeking to pass unnoticed in the crowd.

"Publicity sometimes kicks harder than it shoots," was his drily humorous comment upon my request for an interview. And, beyond offering me facilities to visit the colonies, he had little to say. In fact, he seemed typically the man of many ideas but of few itle words. Then something — a chance remark that stirred the hidden enthusiast in him — touched the spring. He began to speak, accumulating speed yet never losing his remarkable lucidity of phrase, on a wide variety of things: of America's undeveloped estate, of capital and labor issues, of European starvation, of malaria and of bees, and of a coming science which he called Human Engineering. Vaguely I saw that he was correlating these things — even the bees-and-malaria similes — into a scheme for social readjustment. Of the colonies he said, in his impersonal way:

"It is no philanthropy, you understand, but a business experiment in co-operative farming. The colonist, having cleared his tract, sells the timber to us at current prices. Upon taking possession, he pays us one-quarter of the land's value, and the balance in five years. Ten cleared and ditched acres will cost him $400, and if there are buildings thereon, the price will range from $800. to $1500. Also he may raise money for improvements by mortgaging to local banks at 6%, upon our recommendation. But our relationship with him is based less upon the formal contract than on our knowledge of his worth. Every plant cannot be cultivated in the same way, and each colonist represents just as much of a separate problem to our business management as he does to our social worker. In a sympathetic sense, we co-operate with the colonist, and he, in a practical sense, with his neighbors a prime necessity. Lack of co-operation has spelled ruin for countless land-schemes. Put men under pioneer conditions, without assistance, and ninety per cent of them will fail. Given reasonable co-operation, ninety per cent of the same men will succeed."

"But why your choice of immigrants," I asked, "And why only ten-acre farms?"

"First, because we could not enlist native Western farmers — who think in terms of hundreds of acres — to clear and work our purposely small tracts, whereas foreign agricultural methods far better fit the immigrant farmer to get the maximum results out of a ten-acre strip. Secondly, I believed — and results have confirmed it — that ten intensively cultivated acres could adequately maintain a man and his family. Indeed, they ought to where, as on our lands, from five to seven crops a year can be grown. Furthermore, we wished to exclude the evil tenant-system whereby the cultivator almost invariably bleeds rather than enriches the soil, on the principle that it is not his own, and that any improvement thereof will only serve to raise its rental value. I did n't want to make the colonists mere crop-growers, but land-owners and future Americans."

"And so that is what you are working towards – Americanization?"

"Yes — and something more, perhaps. In its present form the scheme is a kind of picture-puzzle, the parts of which have yet to be assembled. I should like you to see those various parts, so that you can judge for yourself as to what we are aiming at."

Accordingly, next day, we visited the colonies together. During a ten-mile drive, fields of corn with soy beans growing between the rows showed a fertile, well-cultivated country. There was cotton — once thought to be the only crop that the South was capable of producing — there were vineyards, peanuts, cow-peas, velvet beans, as well as all kinds of garden-truck, flourishing in neat, well-ditched farms of ten and fifteen acres. And there were modern, well-homelike farm-houses, usually with flower-beds in the foreground, a little car at the rear, and a phonograph somewhere about the premises

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"There were Italians at St. Helena, Hollanders at Castle Hayne and Van Eden, Greeks at Marathon, Poles at Artesia and Hungarians at Delco. There is far more neighborliness and healthful stimulation where colonies are mixed."

Mr. MacRae called my attention to the fact that, in the more sparsely settled districts, a quartette of these houses would always be found at the intersection lines of four abutting farms, for neighborliness' sake.

"Yonder lives the local superintendent," he went on, "who assists in an advisory capacity. We began with a staff of such, but soon found that the fortnightly discussion of problems by the colonists' co-operative society, rendered a superintendent's advice almost superfluous. The diskers, reapers and threshers that you see from time to time, represent another advantage of co-operative farming, whereby each colonist enjoys the use of a variety of motor-propelled machines, not one of which he, as a separate individual, could afford to own."

We made a couple of calls. The first was on a man who had once worked for some years as a shirt-ironer in a Northern laundry, at twenty two dollars a week. One day he began thinking of what an old age of dependency would be like, and thereupon decided to own a home. Now he not only had that, but was making from his fifteen acres a profit of three thousand dollars a year, over all living expenses. Our second call interrupted a family-reunion. The father and his son had just returned, after two years in a steel foundry, to resume farming. They had needed money for improvements, and had gone off to earn it — a case which, Mr. MacRae assured me, was common enough in the colonies.

I had noticed Belgian and Austrian families at work in adjoining fields, and asked my guide if mixed colonies were preferable to keeping the various nationalities *en bloc*. He gave a decided affirmative. "We started our first six colonies on the latter plan," he said, "There were Italians at St. Helena, Hollanders at Castle Hayne and Van Eeden, Greeks at Marathon, Poles at Artesia, and Hungarians at Delco. But we soon realized the advantages of intermingling our people. There is far more neighborliness and healthful stimulation where colonies are mixed. Then, too, the best methods introduced by each race are adopted as the general standard."

That there were but few field-workers in sight, was presently explained when we alighted in a shady grove to find the colonists enjoying their annual picnic. Even then, surrounded by such home-grown things as fried chicken, American flags, layer-cake, cars and ice-cream cones, you did not at first grasp that you were circulating among a mixture of half a dozen European nationalities – people of but ten or twelve years adoption to our soil. Then, amid the babel of jollity and good-fellowship, you caught curious contrasts. There were mothers wearing foreign head-dresses, there were fathers clumping about in huge *sabots*, while their grown-up children aired the most pronounced of store-clothes, from the girls' high, white button-boots, to the boys' creased crash trousers and pleated shirts. You caught, too, the contrast of the elders' voluble broken English, and of their youngsters drawling the local dialect with full, backwoods flavor, and with constant reference to "we-all" and "you-all." And upon a nearby platform, to the strains of fiddle and guitar, boys and girls were turkey-trotting, while their mothers were doing the steps of century-old Polish and Hungarian folk-dances.

What with sack and egg races, ring-casting and dancing, the affair went on till late that night. And had there been any doubt in my mind as to the feeling of the average colonist for his colony, it would have been dispelled by one of the Polish picknickers who, with an indicative handsweep towards some crops which encircled a white, vine-clad cottage, faced me, exclaiming spontaneously, "A couple more year, and all *that* belongs to us — to my wife, and kids, an' me."

I had come to see farms, and I had come upon Americanization.

On the way home Mr. MacRae discussed other land-settlement schemes, notably those in Australia, New Zealand, and later, in California. It was interesting to learn that his was our pioneer experiment in co-operative farm-colonies, the Mormon movement excepted. "Authorities assured me," he said, "that my scheme, lacking the religious element which cemented the Mormon colonies, was doomed to failure. Well, when everyone declares that a thing can't be done, and that you'll be a fool for your pains, it's about time to begin trying to do it. "Though I'm interested in farms, I'm far more interested in men. We talk of forest-conservation and of fuel-conservation, but does it ever occur to us that there might be a governmental policy for man-conservation? To borrow wartime's phrases, necessity 'conscripts' a man into mine or factory, where we use up the best there is in him until he is beyond the 'military age,' when he is thrown into the scrap-heap. He is not yet, as he should be, a matter for national thought.

"A man's occupation in the manufacturing industries should be universally recognized as being of a temporary nature, just as is the case with European military service. He should be able to spend the rest of his life, if he wishes to, in healthful occupation and under conditions of absolute independence, by cultivating or directing the cultivation of land.

"It is true that, once he is scrapped, philanthropy often comes to his assistance, but philanthropy is simply an excuse for wrong industrial conditions. And the people know it. Labor no longer believes in a religion, but in a union. Philanthropy is the quinine that is administered to cure the malaria of social maladjustment. The thing to do is to get after causes, just as we get after the mosquito's breeding-place."

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In the field or on the shore the children of the colony have that close and constant companionship with nature that brings health and happiness.

"But surely," I demurred, there's a general improvement." Mr. MacRae acquiesced "Oh, I'm not at all hopeless about it. Only twenty years ago the laborer was a mere commodity. He was to be worked as hard as possible, with the lowest pay and fewest rights possible. It was considered legitimate that a corporation should be 'soulless,' that it should be run merely for shareholders' profits. Today all that is changed. It is now conceded that business methods must make not only for efficiency but for morality."

"You spoke yesterday of a coming science," I reminded him, "What did you call it?"

"I called it, for want of a better name, Human Engineering. The men who will study our complex, often deformed mass-life, and will reconstruct it on a basis of mutual adaptation between all units — just as the bees evolved their marvelous communal life — will be Human Engineers of a new society. They will build more truly than we of today, and they will discard our palliative poorhouses. Human Engineering's aim will be to promote national development out of the larger opportunity afforded to individual development, and I believe that co-operative agriculture is its first and most important avenue of approach."

"And why agriculture?" I asked.

"First, because our country is still a vast, undeveloped estate. Next, because thus far ours has been a lop-sided, mine-factory-mill development. We have two hundred and thirty million cut-over acres which a plough has never touched, and eighty million more acres of swamp-land, easily reclaimable by draining. Had this No-man's Land been reclaimed and our agriculture developed to its proper magnitude, we could not only have fed starving Europe for ten years to come, and avoided our own fantastic cost of living, but supported three or four times our present population with incalculable advantage. Yet we remain a land of deserted farms and congested cities. In twenty years our rural population has dropped from seventy per cent to fifty four per cent, while our urban population has jumped from thirty per cent to forty six, a city-ward drift which has increased during the war because of the high pay at munition-centers.

"And why is this national extension of agriculture so vital to us? Because in the ploughed farm lie the roots of a nation, just as in the dug hole rest the foundations of the factory. But here is the difference that factory-life depletes the worker while farm-life re-creates him; and therefore every sound civilization must have a reflux back and forth between the two. Proportionately, the farming class will always contribute the greatest number of sturdy, honest, patriotic citizens. I believe that agriculture should be a state and national policy, just as home defence is."

I asked Mr. MacRae how he would tempt city-dwellers to become farmers. He smiled at the doubt conveyed in my question, and said that he would like to show me the rest of his picture-puzzle, as he called it, tomorrow.

The story of the MacRae Colonies' beginnings

is an interesting one. One afternoon in the early 'seventies, a middle-aged man and a small boy were driving along a sandy road, on either side of which there stretched the unbroken landscape of North Carolina woods. "What you thinkin' of, Father?" asked the boy of his elder, who was plunged in as deep a silence as the scene itself.

"I'm thinking," answered Donald MacRae, "of what all this good-for-nothing, waste pineland that we've had in the family for so many years, will ever amount to, of what can be done with it."

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Again the deep, brooding hush of that solitary landscape filled the flitting miles. Presently it was the man who asked, "And what are *you* thinking of, Hugh?"

"I'm thinking," the boy announced portentously, "of how I'm going to make that land good for *something*, when I grow up." And somehow that childish playthought of redeeming his family's worthless pinelands, stuck in Hugh MacRae's mind and germinated for twenty-five years.

Upon graduating from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as a mining engineer, he refused the offer of far more ambitious fields for the preference of devoting himself for three years to the development of some obscure mica mines in his own state. Then he and his brother, Donald, took up the management of their father's cotton-mill down at Wilmington.

Each colonist enjoys the use of a variety of motor propelled farm machines. But the animals on the farms are owned individually.

The next fifteen years found him consolidating Wilmington's light and traction franchises into the Tidewater Power Company, and forming a banking house whose interests drew him into wide association with the country's financial groups. Industrialism, corporation-labor, capitalism — he had now faced the problems and learned the limitations of each in turn. And meanwhile that old dream of somehow utilizing those still-idle pinelands, had expanded with his broadened experience.

When finally he was able to launch his scheme, not only the MacRae acres, but thousands of others, acquired by purchase, entered it. Indeed, cheap pineland lay everywhere through the state, the main product of which consisted of solitary negro-cabins and heaps of tax-bills. Mr. MacRae called in government soil-experts who, having taken borings throughout six hundred square miles, reported thereon that "the Norfolk fine sandy loam easily occupies the premier place, both with regard to its total extent, and to its wide range of possible products." Governmentally-prepared charts showed for the Wilmington district from fifty to fifty-five annual rain-inches, and 233 days' length between killing frosts. In fact, within those long-neglected pinewoods there lay potential farms which for soil, rainfall and sunlight, would rank among the country's finest.

In 1906 the arrival of seven chattering, baggage-laden families, fresh from Rovigo, North Italy, astonished Wilmington's quiet streets. Next day, ten miles outside the town, the clearing and ditching of pinelands at St. Helena — so named after Italy's queen — was begun. Today, thirteen years later, there are from four to five thousand acres of small farms under cultivation, while during that period some five hundred families, or about three thousand colonists from almost every European country, have occupied the soil.

The next piece of Mr. MacRae's picture-puzzle to which I was introduced, lay a few miles out on the other side of town. Here we came upon some small tracts, one of which was occupied by Japanese chrysanthemum-growers, while another was devoted to nursery-gardening.

"It doesn't cost much more to build a pretty house than an ugly one," commented Mr. MacRae, when I remarked upon the tastefulness of the surrounding bungalows, "and we think the difference is a good investment in self-respect. Yonder is 'Oleander,' as we call our beginnings of the scheme's social center, where you will see our architectural ideas more fully carried out."

'Oleander' proved to be a small, model suburb, designed for the moderate-salaried class of office-workers who commuted by trolley from town. Bordering on a golf-links and clustered about the intersections of concrete roads, this charming group of bungalows, with (*Continued on Page 65*)

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HOW TO KEEP IT
IF YOU HAVE IT

HOW TO GET IT
IF YOU HAVEN'T IT

HEALTH

A Department Conducted by

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Surgeon Genera U.S.
Public Health Service

Wm. C. Braisted
Surgeon General
of the U. S. Navy

Merritte W. Ireland
Surgeon, General
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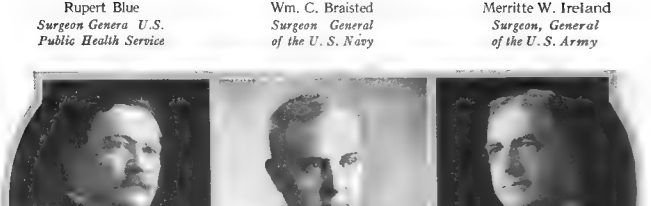

WINNING THE GAME WITH OLD MAN WINTER

WHO HANDED ME THIS GERM?

YOU don't "just get sick" from an infectious disease. Somebody hands it to you.

If that somebody happens to be ill, you *know* he does it — directly or indirectly. But if he is well, he may still do it, and you be entirely unaware of the fact that a wily germ has used him as a "carrier."

The "carrier" story of "Typhoid Mary" is a classic. She was a cook, and although she was healthy herself — everywhere that Mary went, a germ was sure to go. People in the households where Mary did the cooking fell ill of typhoid and many of them died. The doctors finally discovered that Mary was harboring the germs in her body and unconsciously passing them around.

Almost any of the other germ diseases — pneumonia, diphtheria, spinal meningitis, influenza — are handed around in the same way. Even cholera travels by well carriers. When a case of spinal meningitis breaks out in an army barracks, they examine all of the men — make bacteriological examinations of the secretions of the nose and throat — and find out what ones of them are harboring the deadly germs without being in the least aware of it. In the Naval barracks at Chatham, Mass., for instance, they found that 1.5 per cent of the incoming "healthy" men were "carriers" of this deadly malady capable of infecting other people with it, though well themselves. They quarantine these "carriers" and treat them until they are free from the germs.

To keep clear of "carriers" the first rule is *don't crowd*. Keep your distance, let there be plenty of air circulating between you and the other fellow. Where a lot of people are sleeping under one roof, as in crowded city tenements, let there be not less than 1,000 cubic feet of air space per person. Pneumonia was stamped out in the Panama Canal Zone, and the digging of the canal made possible, by the elimination of crowding of the workers, as a result of which germs could no longer carry easily from and to man.

When crowding cannot be avoided, and two or more people must sleep in a small bedroom, arrange the cots so that one man's head is at the other man's feet! During the war this was one of the methods used to reduce infectious diseases in crowded camps. By this arrangement when one man coughs the germ-laden droplets from his mouth are not sprayed directly into the face of his companion. You can readily see from this how unhygienic is the double bed.

The time of year when people most suffer from catarrh and sore throats, cold, gloomy, windy weather is the time when "carriers" are most numerous. How do you know you're not a "carrier" yourself? Have you any chronic catarrh, any nasal obstruction, or bad tonsils, in which the germs would find a good harbor? Better look out! You may be dangerous.

DOES SHE SUN THE BEDDING?

GERMS are like criminals. They don't like the sunlight. If a man afflicted with tuberculosis should spit on the sidewalk in the sun, in a few minutes the sunlight would render his sputum harmless. If a man has to spit, he ought always to spit out in the bright sun, and never in a dark, secluded corner.

During the war, the sunning of soldiers' bedding probably saved a great many lives. In one Southern regiment they had many cases of measles and as a result, numerous deaths from pneumonia which so often follows the weakened condition resulting from measles. After an investigation, the reason given was because the men had failed to sun their bedding as ordered. In another regiment, in the same camp, there was only one-twentieth as many cases of measles, and as much infectious disease in general. This was the regiment in which they had sunned and aired their habitations and contents.

PICK THE WINNERS

THREE groups of parents are meeting the winter months, each with similar conditions of very low financial resources, children to worry about, and their own health a matter of the greatest importance. Each is hoping to get through the cold weather in good

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health and with a little money ahead of the game. Pick the winners!

The first family lives in a small apartment. Not one window is ever allowed to be open, lest someone catch cold. There is a folding bed in the living room, and a great quantity of dust comes from the bedding, as it does also in a small bedroom. The children romp about on the dusty floor, in the putrid air. No sunlight comes into the room. Last winter the mother had a protracted siege of sore throat. It did not get well until spring, when she was able to get out into the fresh air and sunlight.

THE second household consists of a mother, father and only one child. The father has a nasal obstruction, as evidenced by the way he says his "m." He is, therefore, greatly addicted to colds. The child, who resembles the father in countenance, is the type known as a "mouthbreather." A doctor has frequently warned the mother that her child has adenoids, and should be operated on lest his whole health become impaired. But she is "scared" of doctors and hospitals — and besides, she hates to spend the money. The child, because of his adenoids, is very susceptible to colds. When the father has a cold, he takes the child on his knee, just as he does at any other time, and in spite of the fact that colds are communicable, he kisses the boy freely.

The third household consists of a mother, father and two little girls. The father has recently returned from the war, and having, during his absence, lost his business, now has to begin life anew. The family previously lived in the country only in the summer, and took a city apartment during the winter, but now for economy's sake they continue living in the country during the cold weather. In their sleeping room every window is still wide open, just as it was in the warm weather. They have removed from the bedroom all of the furniture except the beds, and go in there only to sleep. They adore sleeping in the luxury of pure fresh cold air. In the morning they hop out and run into a warm room to bathe and dress. The children play in the free, open air all day — free from dust and the germs it carries, and protected by the germ-killing sunlight. They are always well bundled up against the cold. The mother does not allow the children to be kissed, because of the fact that diseases are transmitted that way.

Which of the three families is likely to get through the winter in good health and with no doctor's bills? And how does this affect you and yours? There's a very good example here.

THE FLU AND YOU

HUNDREDS of men had been lost. The whole hillside nearby was covered with little white crosses. It looked as if a battle had been fought there — all due to the "Flu."

At the height of the epidemic, a new regiment moved into the camping place. From each of the other regiments, across the road and to the left and right of them, four or five men were dying daily. In this new regiment there were 2,200 men, but in eight months, this regiment lost only one life.

The medical man who had the health of that regiment in charge, now tells his experience for the benefit of Red Cross readers. What his men did, he says, any civilian may do. Here is his story in miniature:

"We kept the men away from all gathering places where men crowd close together and make easy the passing of a germ from man to man. We prohibited spitting by which germs get into the dust and are inhaled by other people, except into 'spit kits' — special boxes of sand. We also prohibited the throwing about of cigarette butts, for the same reason. We told the men not to use each other's pipes. We instructed them not to talk closely into each other's faces, and to shield their coughs and sneezes with their handkerchiefs.

"But the main thing was that we had every man report at sick call for the slightest indisposition, even the most trifling cold or headache. It is because we have the erroneous idea, in civil life, that a doctor is not to be consulted until a definite case of serious illness is apparent, which accounts for so many deaths from 'Flu.' It is a quick illness, and may be well advanced if there is any delay. We even told corporals and sergeants to watch out for men with running noses, or coughs, to 'spot' them and send them to the doctor, whether the men thought themselves sick or not.

"The result was that we had a long list of men reporting at sick call, and of course many false alarms, but by this method we caught all the really sick ones and were able to send them to bed at the very first stages of the disease, thus to keep them free from complications (it is generally the complications that kill the patients) and to get them quickly over their illness with a very light case. We had them lie quietly and we gave them no drugs, having found that the no-drug treatment seemed to make the most satisfactory recoveries. We administered one hundred per cent fresh air.

"In this latter connection, we had some interesting experiences, especially after we got to France. There a French officer said to us, 'Now, the first thing, your men will have to go through an epidemic of the flu.' He seemed to take it for granted. We didn't agree with him. We were assigned to some old French barracks, recently vacated by Russians and in a terrible state of filth. We scoured the place, and then opened every window, and I gave orders that they were never to be shut again. People held up their hands in horror, and predicted that we would die of all sorts of illnesses from the cold.

"We brought our regiment home without one loss from disease.

"Civilians wishing similar immunity from 'flu' may get it by the same methods by avoiding over-crowded places and keeping clear of possible personal communication, by maintaining extreme cleanliness in home surroundings, by keeping all the windows of sleeping rooms wide open, and by properly protecting their bodies with clothing, exercise and sufficient food."

WARMING UP

SHE was forty — that age when some ungallant doctor has said that most women exercise only with their tongues. It was winter, and so she warmed herself up in the morning by taking a couple of cups of good strong coffee. She spent the morning reading her paper or in sedentary light occupations. She kept the temperature of her steam-heated apartment very high, because she wore only the daintiest of clothing in winter as in summer. At noon she went to her dining room and warmed up again with a little hot tea. At five o'clock, she warmed up with more. At night, she joined her husband at a good dinner, after which they took their black coffee together before the fireplace, and warmed themselves at the cheery blaze.

He was forty, too — that age when the same unfeeling physician has declared that men exercise only with their teeth! After warming up with his morning coffee, he warmed up some more at lunch time, with various other kinds of liquids. His office was kept extremely warm because he took no exercise at all.

Both complained of sleeping badly, and of having disagreeable dreams. They woke up with numbness in their hands and arms and coldness of the feet. They called it "poor circulation." Both were extremely nervous. The health of the two of them got so bad that they decided they were "working too hard," and that they must have a vacation.

But it so happened that just at that unfortunate period word came that an aged relative in the country was ill, and that they must go there at once. This was a horrible thought to them, because the country house was not heated. They had to go, however, and to provide themselves with warm clothing. The woman even had to do a lot of real honest housework, to run in and out of doors, and to step about at a lively pace. The man had to do all sorts of chores, dig snow paths, and take other very warming exercises.

The two of them cut down very markedly on the tea and coffee which had been making them so nervous, and filled in with cocoa, according to the customs of the country household.

The aged patient recovered. And although those poor "overworked" city people who had thought themselves troubled with "poor circulation" had been obliged to put on warm clothes, and to stir around and use the (*Continued on Page 71.*)

THE DEADLY MONTHS

The cold months of winter and spring in the temperate zone of the United States are the most deadly on our calendar. On the other hand, arctic explorers, in the coldest regions, do not often contract "winter" diseases so long as they keep away from civilization. It is not the cold, therefore, but our indoor habits and intimate contact with each other in the winter season, which make for this high prevalence of disease.

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One reason we're not happy is that

"I'll be hanged if I kin understand" says Ex-Editur Cale Fluhart.

'WE'RE DRESSED UP TOO PURTY"

By Abe Martin

Illustration by F. G. Cooper

"I'LL be hanged if I kin understand what's causin' all th' unrest an' discontent in this country," declared Hon. Ex-Editur Cale Fluhart, in an address t' th' Carrot Growers' Association, at Melodeon Hall, lately. "Ever'buddy's dressed up an' smokin', th' theaters are filled, th' shoe shinin' parlors rent th' highest priced rooms, th' farmers are eatin' ther own chickens an' smokin' cigars, you can't cross th' streets fer pleasure cars, ever'buddy's workin' an' th' sody fountains can't mix drinks fast enough.

"We're livin' so well that you can't git nobuddy but an ignorant foreigner t' cut your grass or dig a trench. Yet ther's a dangerous undercurrent o' unrest — a sort of a resentful I'll walk out attitude on all sides. Th' peace treaty held our attention purty closely till th' first car load o' watermelons come t' town. Then a wave o' indignation broke loose. Even Shantung wuz fergotten, an' th' whole community took up th' fight on profiteerin'.

"Our women got up in arms over th' cost o' livin'. A meetin' wuz held an' ther wuz an exhibit showin' how things wuz goin'. Among other things they showed wuz a dollar an' a half ham hock sold t' a child o' eight, a pair o' child's oxford shoe laces sold t' a washerwoman fer twenty-five cents, an egg plant ordered by 'phone, a ring o' bologna bought at catch weights, a forty-eight dollar blue serge suit that'd been exposed t' th sun, an' a eight-cent short filler cigar made o' Pennsylvania terbacker. Th' great trouble seems t' be that folks want t' keep on makin' riveter's wages, an' wear silk underwear, an' board fer three dollars a week. We hear a lot o' complaints about sixty cent butter, an' ten cent bread, but never a kick about th' price o' closed cars, silk stockin's, an' fifteen dollar whisky.

"Wiley Tharp, who worked on airplane spindles durin' th' war, an' who bought a magnificent country estate an' retired when th' armistice wuz signed, motored t' town recently t' get an adjustment on a can o' termaters. While cashin' a hog check he complained o' havin' been held up for seven cents fer a bunch o' parsley. Miss Tawney Apple, ticket seller at th' Fairy Grotto picture the-ater, joined th' Actors Equity Association. She demands that th' management furnish her bracelets an' georgette waists. Vernon de Long, th' actor, is livin' here with his mother. He strutted out weeks ago, an' says he preferred walkin' out t' walkin' back. Tell Binkley says that ther's gittin' t' be so many automobiles that a feller has t' dress fer an accident ever' mornin', an' that, o' course, takes money. Emmy Moots walked out on her husband th' other day 'cause he didn' pay enough.

"O' course prohibition has been a big factor in creatin' th' prevailin' restlessness. Folks that used t' drink now have t' buy ther olives an' bologna, an' folks that used t' fergit ther troubles now have t' soberly face 'em. Then, too, th' next drink is so uncertain. Carpenter Ike Soles says he an' his wife have driven meat from the home. Ike had intended t' spend th' winter in th' south t' fool th' coal profiteers, but he says he can't git reservations at any o' the' swell hotels. He says they may go t' Californy after he gits his workin' hours an' wage scale fer next year fixed t' suit him.

"We met Brakeman Buck Peel some time ago as he wuz buyin' a fine silver thermos bottle. He walked out durin' th' railroad strike, but motored back, an' is still makin' money pendin' some sort of an adjustment whereby he'll still make more. He says he sometimes thinks he'll remain a brakeman as his children are growin' up an' he feels that he owes somethin' to' his family.

"We only call attention t' these things t' show you how th' public mind is workin'. It seems t' me that what we need is some of our ole time simplicity. We're dressed up too purty an' things are comin' too easy.

"We need more home life, an' fewer cars, more readin' an' less pictures, less browsin' around cafes, an' more cookin' at home. Girls ought t' play with dolls longer, an' men ought t' shine ther own shoes. As 'Squire Marsh Swallow said, th' other day, we're silk shirt foolish an' penny wise."

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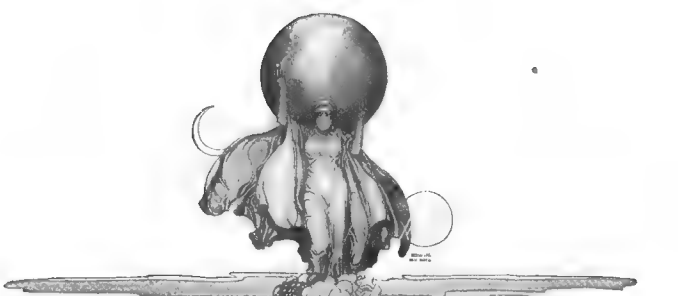

THE MARCH OF THE RED CROSS

A continued story of accomplishment; the new force in American affairs and how it is setting about a momentous task; the League of Red Cross Societies and the world's health.

OUT of the confusion of the armistice, out of the disorganization of the return to peaceful pursuits, out of the industrial shadows and the readjustment of our business affairs, there is gradually emerging an unmistakable force in American affairs. It is a force all the stronger because of its past, all the more vital and real because of the slowness with which it has gathered itself together for its new battle, all the more sure of its aims and methods because of the sincerity and deliberation which have characterized its decisions.

Slowly sincerely, in the midst of a disturbed world, the new Red Cross has formulated its plans and girded itself for battle where battle is necessary if our lives and those of our families are to have in them more happiness, more safety, more health and education. There are no dummy enemies in its list of antagonists, no armies raised because enthusiasm could have raised them whether or not any vital need existed, no hasty plans of campaign.

BECAUSE of this there has been lost a certain amount of surface enthusiasm, a certain amount of the glamour which pertains to continuous, successful effort on a vast, dramatic scale. And yet whoever carried the vision in his soul has not lost it because victory has brought new problems, new enemies, the necessity for new methods of warfare, because prudence has counseled deliberation. The vision is as untarnished as ever, living in us now as then. We are changed now only in that we are a people unthreatened from without once more, safe to set in order our own house, asking merely the way.

FROM every side, indeed, come unmistakable evidences of the real vitality and vivid determination of that spirit of America which the war called into action and which made the Red Cross. That spirit is not dead. Far from it! On the contrary it is pressing on to fields undreamed of three years ago, animating a new Red Cross army. New faces are showing in the ranks, new standard bearers are giving to America's breeze the banner of democracy incarnate, new hosts are pressing toward the battlements where new foes assail.

To each man, his hour! The new Red Cross salutes the old!

Though its ideals are the same, in practice this new Red Cross is proving vastly different from the old organization which laboured to keep outstretched always the helping hand to our boys who fought the battle of democracy abroad. Those boys, indeed, are the connecting link between the work of the new Red Cross and of the old. They have come home.

What does that mean?

WELL, figures such as a "million men out of employment" do not even begin to visualize what it means. No full size picture of America begins to bring home what it means. It is a mosaic of which each piece carries a message more poignant than the whole. You must go to some Wisconsin town or Nebraska village or Virginia city and see one of these mosaic pieces in order to realize the meaning of the full picture.

IT is not simply a question of posters in railway stations, you will realize then,— nor is it merely a question of jobs. It is a man working painfully beside a railroad yard in a Kentucky hill station, a man shot through both ankles at Chateau Thierry discharged and lame. It is a man in a Michigan mill town with a wife and child, and the job he used to hold gone, with no other opportunity in town whereby he can make enough to keep going. It is four thousand discharged soldiers in need again of hospital service as a result of old wounds. It is a thing of many and varied problems, scattered through all those proud homes whence a man went to France and returned.

A THOUSAND letters sent out in a Wisconsin town recently in an endeavour to ascertain the troubles that pride keeps hidden in the soldier's home brought four hundred answers in three days. The first fourteen answers opened required help on over fifty distinct subjects! And that was a town where the majority of the people thought the war was over, and the need for the Red Cross to follow up its war effort a thing of the past.

"Last chance, boys!" called out a discharged Yank in a Pennsylvania railway station a few days ago, as he took with thanks the apples and chocolate a canteen worker handed him and his comrades. His country was through with him,— the Red Cross too, he supposed. He could shift for himself now. Plenty of jobs for a two fisted fighter! Little doubt of that.

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WILL he find one in those cities and towns which consider the war over, and the need for the Red Cross past? The surveys which the field representatives of the Red Cross have been making do not hold out any such rosy prospect. There are not jobs enough for all as yet. And where the soldier finds sickness or trouble in his home, bitterness, poverty and disaster are his lot.

In a majority of the comminuties of our country, fortunately, the Red Cross is alive to this fact. In thousands of chapters and branches the work of listing on the Honour Roll the names of all those who fought and of sending out questionnaires to them and their families is well advanced; and committees and workers are taking care of the vast amount of work resulting. In others, distance and bad roads and lack of time have hindered and the work is only just being begun, urged on by field workers and faithful chairmen and aided by chapter and outside funds. But there are some which lag by the wayside. It is not going to be all easy going, this new Red Cross. Much time will elapse before our house is all set in order.

ALL over the country, nevertheless, the need and the opportunity for the Red Cross of the future begin to show themselves in the way that different communities are grasping the fact that progress in social problems and in health problems can be secured through the Red Cross. Eighty-five per cent of our small town and country districts, where the bulk of America lives, are without social agencies. They are without visiting nurses,— you can secure no nurse if illness attacks your family! They are without an agency for neighborly service of any sort, whether it be for relieving worthy distress or for visiting schools. Furthermore, although there are always local clergymen, school teachers and physicians, there is no organized body for the arousing of public opinion or possessed of the requisite knowledge to solve such problems. In almost every case, so far, the hope for progress has appeared to lie in the local Red Cross. It is the weapon through which can be realized many of the ideals which our citizenship has cherished for years.

In this sense the new Red Cross is peculiarly a local affair, with local understanding of home problems, and capable of good or poor use according to its local leadership. It is like a regiment, handled by a local colonel, but with endless support and munitions coming from Washington, with, whenever necessary, an officer from a general staff coming to solve special tactical problems.

IN a Nebraska community the other day consideration of the peace program disclosed the fact that in the territory covered by the chapter,— a county, with eight township branches,— there were no social agencies of any kind with the exception of a rather somnolent Commercial Club at the county seat. All the leading citizens recognized the need for such an agency and decided upon the Red Cross as the logical choice. A common treasury was designated to receive the local funds of the branches and the chapter and the different needs of the county outlined. Immediately the advantages of the national organization became apparent. In all the county there was no one competent to direct social work, to arrange for recreational centers at the schools, to look after worthy families in temporary trouble, to act as school visitor or to train local secretaries in doing such things. But two institute-trained workers were secured from the division, an executive committee appointed including a leading lawyer and a physician, complete plans and personal advice given by the field representative from Red Cross headquarters and a practical organization evolved which represented the last word in experience in social work.

THE same thing was true of the health problem, a visiting nurse being secured and, through her, arrangements made for the courses in first aid and home nursing. This was a case where the Red Cross was unable to marshal its influence and membership behind any existing social or volunteer health agency because none already existed. But through its nationwide organization it was able to give this Nebraska county the benefit of the most advanced knowledge and practice on a social problem, and assist the local chapter to undertake the work itself.

And everywhere, of course, the problems vary. It may be, perhaps, a smallpox epidemic in a western Kentucky county, where doctors are few, ice non-existent, and help from outside imperative; it may be deep rooted tuberculosis in a Virginia township where local conditions have operated to keep the disease a local secret; it may be ignorance of child nursing and cooking in an eastern city slum. In all these cases, the Red Cross is finding need for immediate work even while it looks forward to the ultimate peace programme, with its health centers and cooperating agencies and universal education.

In many communities the health center is already a fact.

What is a health center?

WELL in one country town it is a Red Cross community house, with rest rooms for the county people, providing free facilities for caring for bundles and babies when the families come up to the county seat for the day. Every afternoon the district nurse has a clinic in the building and there are baby contests with prizes for the best nourished and best developed youngsters. In the same building the workroom of the Red Cross is open every day and refugee garments and layettes are made for the Balkans and Siberia.

Generally speaking, however, it is what its name implies,— a physical headquarters for all the health activities of the community. It varies from a room with a stretcher, wheel chair, first aid materials and health literature to the complicated administrative headquarters in which a city can gather together and direct the many agencies for health which it contains. It is the physical sign of the fight against disease and for the conservation of child welfare, a gathering place for all the volunteer aids of the regularly consttutied health authorities.

JUST as a minister must have a church, indeed, so the public health nurse must have a center for educational and executive needs. In addition, it can be the seat of measures for preparedness both against fires and explosions and wrecks and also against all kinds of epidemics as well as the headquarters of all the different Red Cross workers. It is the next step of the Red Cross at this moment where the fight for health is concerned, even though the building itself will not, except in isolated instances, be a Red Cross building. The allies of health must be coordinated in the fight against disease.

IN the quaint phrase of the Pilgrim Fathers in the New England wilderness, "straightly tied to all care of each other's good, and of the whole by everyone, and so mutually."

That is the spirit of the health center movement.

It is the first response of our Red Cross at home to the world movement against disease inauguated at Cannes on the shores of the Mediterranean last April when the new League of Red Cross Societies was formed and the medical science of civilization mobilized to directthe stimulation of health agencies in all parts of the world.

FROM the dawn of history, down through the plagues of ancient Egypt even to our influenza epidemic of yesterday there has been, until the formation of this League, no concerted worldwide effort to combat the diseases which sweep humanity with such tragic results. There have been only isolated forts and defences, independent armies and commanders, each fighting as best it could against the universal, world wide enemy. An indefatigable antagonist, too, this enemy,— using many and varied weapons, assaulting with undying virulence, attacking through insect hordes in tropical lands, lurking in the bowels of rat infested ships in the Red Sea, seizing its opportunity during humanity's war to attack first one side, then to sweep through Switzerland to the other, to France and so to America, ending but yesterday in northern Alaska in the igloos of the Arctic circle, where whole villages lie in death from the influenza, the latest of its efforts.

It will meet a defence worthy of its best efforts from now on, however. Twenty six nations have joined the League of Red Cross societies, so far, each one pledged to stimulate and stand back of every movement for health in its own country, and to contribute its knowledge and part of its resources to the general medical staff and to contrbute in Geneva whence the League is being directed. It is this League which stands back of our own Red Cross efforts in Europe today where we labour to finish faithfully and honourably and soon what in faith and honour was begun.

THROUGH cooperation and ideas, our units are literally putting whole towns and villages on their feet again where health is concerned, although the actual number of Red Cross workers is small. Meanwhile the League is deciding what general offensive measures can be taken by all the organizations in the field. Its international commission has just completed its survey of Poland and will communicate its recommendations to all as soon as a plan of campaign has been decided on and the assault of typhus repelledby concerted action. It is this conception which constitutes what might be called the general orders under which our Red Cross operates all over Europe. (*Continued on Page 81*)

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I've Made the
Change and *A*

When headaches
irritability,
sleeplessn
and other
disappear
a change f
coffee to P

—then one knows
"There's a Reaso

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The Valley of Fair Play

(*Continued from Page 14*)

"ideal.") Start virgin, as every single element contributes something, either to success or failure. I should say first, the location of an Industry is most important. Having secured a location — preferably in the Country, with plenty of open, low-cost land,—build your factories, create and build up healthy conditions — having in mind, that *the business is the one great and all-important thing*, which all must protect. Comfortable, low-cost homes, are *vital*. Plenty of recreative activities, pleasure for all — which means pleasure of every kind — should be freely provided. All religious denominations and creeds should be freely encouraged. Liberal support of every public improvement should be a settled policy. Those in active control of the business should live near the workers, and as near like the workers as practical. Their families should mingle freely with the families of the workers. Their children should go to the same Day schools, and the same Sunday schools. Not because of policy, not because "it pays," not because you are seeking to secure the confidence and goodwill of your co-workers and neighbors — but simply because your *heart* is in it, and you love to do it, because in this association you find all the pleasure you require in life — because you honestly love your neighbor, and are interested in his success and welfare. Othrewise, there is no use. You cannot "camouflage" this principle. You can't fool anybody with a profession of all the above. *You must feel it through and through.*

All these things *create confidence*. All these things, if *honestly and sincerely* worked out, create a situation in which "Labor and Capital" *may* work in harmony to their mutual advantage.

So far as any of the above ideas can in any degree be applied to Industry, it is helpful. Please note I have suggested an *ideal* Industrial condition, and the "ideal" is hard to attain in this life. But there are always steps in the right direction, or steps in the wrong direction. Any attempt to create conditions as nearly "ideal" as possible and practical, is a step in the "right direction."

It all sums up. Labor cannot any longer be exploited for the exclusive benefit of Capital. Capital cannot be exploited for the exclusive benefit of Labor. A mutual understanding *must* be arrived at. Both must recognize their responsibility, in the partnership between "Labor and Capital." Both must be willing to "give and take"— to share reverses, and to share successes.

So far as progress has been made today, in Industry, and so far as we may hope for *gradual improvement* and *betterment*, I would suggest that in this Valley, there exist conditions which might well have the attention of those seeking to "solve these problems."

Very truly yours,

(Signed) George F. Johnson.

Policeman Santa Claus

(*Continued from Page 17*)

Altogether they started turning these staid old dreary police stations into warm, human places. They'd take the card with the name of the family on it and there all the facts would be that they needed to work on; how many children, and names and ages, general and financial condition and what was most needed. Into this big paper bag, as large as a fifty pound sack of flour, they'd put some underwear and a new cap and a toy puzzle and maybe an order for a new suit of clothes that would be honored at some great, downtown, department store. Each station made up three, four, even five hundred, of these sacks, and then stacked them away at one end until the room looked like a flour warehouse.

This is all what you would call first and second act business, I suppose. Anyway it was just preparing for the big last act — when the kids came. After all it was their Christmas and I suppose they were the real heroes of the piece.

Kids in a police station at Christmas time! Cops fathering them and mothering them and dancing for them and singing for them and letting the tears shine in their eyes because of them! Big time stuff, I'd call it.

Then with the show over and the last movie flickered out and the last cop finished with his act and Big Brown Eyes, the tiny lad from the neighborhood, with the high, mellow, little voice that simply melted in your heart, all done with his singing of Memories—when that part of the show was all over you stood by the door and watched the kiddies and their mothers file by and receive their big bags of presents.

There were lots of these mothers in line because some of the kiddies were even too small for Older Sisters to bring — and I want to tell the world that when you give a mother a big sack full of useful things to keep her kiddies warm, like stockings and underwear and caps, things that that mother has been praying and wishing for all her life— well, you're touching hands and finding even more than the heart of America — it's the Soul of the World.

"American, Sir!"

(*Continued from Page 27*)

said. 'Very unjustifiable. But I ought to have had plenty — life's most unreasonable. Then — I couldn't face — discovery — hate, unpleasantness.' He shuddered. 'Might have been — jailed.' It was shaking him so I tried to stop him, but he pointed to his coat and laughed — Uncle Bill, a pitiful laugh. It tore me. 'John Donaldson's making a good getaway,' he labored out. 'Must tell everything. I'll finish — clean.' To — my son. Honor of — the uniform. He was getting exhausted. 'That's all,' he ended, 'Dishonor.'

"And I flung at him: 'No — no. It's covered over — wiped out — with service and honor. You're dying for the flag, father — father!" I whispered with my arms around him and crying like a child with a feeling I'd never known before. 'Father, father!' I whispered, and he lifted a hand and patted my head.

"'That sounds nice,' he said. Suddenly he looked amused. His nerve all through was the bulliest thing you ever saw, Uncle Bill. Not a whimper. 'You thought I was Italian,' he brought out. 'Years ago, this morning. But — I'm not. American sir — I heard the call — the one clear call. American.'

"Then he closed his eyes and his breathing was so easy that I thought he might sleep, and live hours, maybe. I loosened his fingers and lifted his head on my coat that I'd folded for a pillow for I thought I'd go outside and find Joe Barron and get him to take the bus down when the jam held up, so I could start. Before I started I bent over again and he opened his eyes, and I said very distinctly: 'I want you to know that I'll be prouder all my life than words can say that I've had you for a father,' and he brought out a long, perfectly contented sigh, and seemed to drop off. I began to pick my way through the clutter of men lying, some still as death, some writhing, and gurgling horrid sounds. I had got about eight feet when across the hideous noises broke a laugh like a pleased kid. I whirled. He'd lifted his big shoulders up from the straw and was laughing after me from under those thick black lashes; his eyes were brilliant. He stretched out his arms to me.

"'American, sir,' he said in a strong voice. And fell back dead."

I heard the clock tick and tick. And tick. Minutes went by. Then the boy got up in the throbbing silence and walked to the fire and stood, his back to me looking down at the embers. His voice came over his square young shoulders, difficult but determined, as of a man who must say a thing which has dogged him to be said.

"God arranged it, Uncle Bill. I know that well enough. God forgave him enough to send him me and a happy day to go out on. So don't you believe — that things are all right with him now?"

It was hard to speak, but I had to — I had a message. "John," I said. "We two know the splendor of his going, and that other things count as nothing beside that redemption. Do you suppose a great God is more narrow-minded than we?"

And my boy turned, and came and sat on the broad side of the chair, and put his arm around my shoulder and his young head against mine. His cheek was hot and wet on my thin hair.

"American, sir," whispered my dear boy, softly.

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Help Yourself To Health

Continued from Page 34

essential in her economy. We should take the lesson. The man who eats, drinks and neglects all care of himself for a year, and then rushes madly into a violent period of severe physical exercises of reduction, may at the end of a month, if he has vitality, come out feeling fine. But if he repeats the process, of letting himself go again, Nature puts on the fat more and more and the second severe reduction becomes necessary. And the utter exhaustion of any man's vitality through these extremes, is only a matter of time. Probably the most vital point is that setting-up exercises should not 'take it out of a man.' If we find a man exhilarated and made eager to work at the end of his setting up exercises, we have accomplished far more than if we tire him out or exhaust any of his store of vitality in this kind of work, which is, after all, and should be, merely preparatory. If in addition to this, we reduce the amount of time occupied in these setting-up exercises, and yet obtain results, we have obtained that much more time for other work.

"Many of the old systems of exercise took a longer period of time than was necessary to accomplish desired results, and made muscle-bound the men who practised them. It has been found in the sports and games that over-developed biceps, startling pectoral muscles and tremendously muscled legs are a disadvantage rather than an advantage. The real essential is, after all, the engine; the part under the hood, as it were; lungs, heart and trunk. Setting-up exercises have convinced many trainers of athletes of the uselessness of many of those which have been regarded as cardinal points. It was this that made men look with considerable suspicion upon the gymnasium candidate with big biceps and large knots of muscle. It was also found that, outside of weight lifting or immoderate chinning, or apparent great strength on the parallel bars, these men were not as valuable as the less muscled, more supple men. To put it briefly, it was found in actual practice, that it was what was under the ribs, rather than what lay over them, which was of value. I have demonstrated with groups of busy executives and professional men the possibility of physical fitness at a small expenditure of time. In one week I had requests from over four hundred communities to establish units of this work among business and professional men. I found it impossible to answer all those calls, as I was then devoting myself personally to a class in Washington, consisting of several of our Cabinet members, Federal Reserve Board officials and others high in the government service.

"But the demand from so many communities throughout the country showed that we are now all awake to the necessity of this cardinal feature of the nation's welfare, the physical fitness and stamina of its youth and men. This new gospel cannot be spread by one individual missionary, although there is little doubt but that wherever the story is told, thousands of our over-worked and under-exercised men are glad to avail themselves of the opportunity. I have therefore devised a set of exercises, that can be put in small compass, both of instructions and of the time to be devoted to this work.

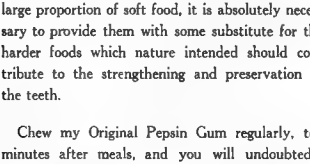
The secret of sound, white teeth is a clean mouth

THE chewing of my Original Pepsin Gum by exciting the flow of the salivary juices—which are nature's cleansing properties for the teeth—will help to preserve and keep in perfect condition the teeth of men, women and children.

In the case of children who nowadays eat such a large proportion of soft food, it is absolutely necessary to provide them with some substitute for the harder foods which nature intended should contribute to the strengthening and preservation of the teeth.

Chew my Original Pepsin Gum regularly, ten minutes after meals, and you will undoubtedly notice its beneficial effect on your teeth.

W. E. Beeman



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No matter how driven a man may be, it seems only reasonable to think that he should be able to spend ten minutes twice a day in a short-hand method of setting-up exercises, and to add to it an out-door walk of half an hour. By this means he can keep himself physically fit. It is a scientific method tested out upon men of all ages, from eighteen to seventy."

So says Walter Camp. A few years ago, it was necessary for a man to be a candidate for some one of the Yale teams in order to avail himself of the benefit of Mr. Camp's wisdom. Today, one need be able only to read to avail himself of that same wisdom. What Walter Camp once did to Yale athletes, what he did for Uncle Sam's men in the navy training stations and on the aviation field, what he did for government officials during the war, he now wants to do for the entire nation. The stored wisdom that was once the property of Yale athletes, is offered to the country at large. Many boards of education and manufacturing concerns have taken it up. The entire office force of a large down town New York Concern took up Mr. Camp's system, practicing the exercises on the roof. As a result, therewere twenty-five per cent fewer absences onaccount of sickness. That, I think, is a sstartling a statistic as I can offer you.

Through this new system Mr. Camp is operating to make a good merchant chief a better merchant chief, a good clerk a better clerk, a good mechanic a better mechanic, a good laborer a better laborer; and all good American citizens better American citizens. He estimates that today there are probably one million people in the United States following this plan. I give you some opinions of Mr. Camp's system from cabinet members and others who were under him in Washington. William G. McAdoo, then secretary of the treasury wrote:

"My dear Mr. Camp-

I want you to know how delighted I was to have been a member of your training club. I feel that the work has been of great benefit to me, and with a clear conscience I can recommend your course for universal use."

Franklin K. Lane, the secretary of the interior, thus:

"My dear Mr. Camp:

The work you have done for all of us is only to be measured in kilowats of joyousness and good cheer. I hope that your spirit may be far-reaching, and that your apostles may spread the gospel throughout the land. You are doing a real work for which you will have a lot of unexpressed gratitude."

From the director of the geological survey, George Otis Smith:

"We owe a vote of thanks to Walter Camp for the renewal of youth that has come to us in these weeks."

I have before me scores of letters of a like nature from men of all walks of life. Mr. Camp has received thousands of similar testimonies. The war nationalized Walter Camp and his special knowledge. The war is over, but the need of that special knowledge as a national asset and the necessity of its national application was never more keen than now. Four million men in the service of the United States during the war benefited from the physical training received. If these men, now back at their normal civilian tasks, do not continue some sane system of exercise, the physical benefits derived in service will turn to liabilities, as in the case of athletes who suddenly drop all forms of exercise. Mr. Camp is a busy man and I thought he would not wish to be annoyed by inquiries. I asked him to whom I should direct people who might be seeking even more definite knowledge than can be given in the illustrations and instructions accompanying this article. "They can write to me," said he, cheerfully.

I'm for Walter Camp. I'm following his system and getting legitimate results from it. It is the first successful system I have ever tried; and I have personally demonstrated that as far as I am personally concerned, a lot of them are bunk. He offers a safe investment of effort and a legitimate return of well-being. I have given you herewith his detailed instructions with illustrations. Try these exercises on your system and I'll guarantee that you'll get a more cheerful harmony of health from the organs thereof. I say I guarantee it, and that doesn't amount to anything. But Walter Camp, proven master of the science of physical training, also guarantees it, and that is something else yet.

Watch Your Dog and Be Wise

(*Continued from Page 42*)

One of my female collies,— Sunnybank Gael,— is a lamb, in her relations with us humans, at Sunnybank. But with other dogs, she is a little spitfire. At times when she and one of the big male collies get to romping together, the thin barrier breaks down between frolic and anger. In a swirling rage, Gael flies at her fellow-romper; slashing and snapping fiercely at him.

And the male dog? Were another male to attack him thus, there would be a furious dogfight at once. But his assailant is a female. Wherefore, he stands stock still; turning his furry shoulder to the blast of wrath, until Gael's anger has spent itself. Not one of the male dogs will attack a female; or so much as defend himself against the female's onslaught.

It is a little humiliating,— is it not,— to realize that the lowest dog has far higher chivalry than has the lowest man? The police courts are full of wifebeaters. But where is there an authentic case of a grown male dog attacking the female of his species?

Do you know why so many "mad" dogs are found on the streets and roads, and so few in their master's homes? When a dog feels so-called "rabies" or other forms of madness coming on him, he escapes from home, if he can. And he puts as much distance as possible between him and the people he loves, before the biting mania shall have deprived him of power to distinguish between his gods and strangers. A thousand authentic instances prove this.

It is the same when he feels death coming on. He tries, with his last vestige of strength, to crawl away somewhere; to take himself out of the lives of those he loves and to burden them no more. All this points to a Spartan pluck and to an acme of unselfishness which few humans could bring themselves to copy. If the dog is going to become a menace or a nuisance to anyone, he is not going to inflict those he loves. He will carry himself and his malady away from the home he has guarded so long. Should madness overtake him before he can get away, then the fault is with those who detain him.

Writes a man who has observed much and who is not addicted to maudlin sentiment:

"We had in our house for twelve years a beautiful, highbred female collie. I used her as an example to myself, of perpetual cheerfulness and kindliness. She ran to meet me at the gate, every night, giving a call that was not the bark of a dog but a clear attempt at greeting after the manner of a human voice. She started this habit years ago, when the children would come running out to the gate, and she tried to join in the chorus of welcome.

"We can learn much from these dog companions who are so amenable and conform so quickly to our ways with so little of an enforced line of conduct. It seems to me that the training has been corroborated in their reasoning minds, and so carried out on a basis of independent judgment."

And perhaps it is in this very adaptability that your dog can set you the most striking example. Bring him to a strange house occupied by a family whose mode of life is totally different from anything to which he has been accustomed. In unbelievably short time, he is a member of the household, adapting himself to its thousand peculiarities, learning by instinct its customs and ways. Could his master, in like conditions, do as well? I doubt it.

We humans — some of us — are orderly and law-abiding and well-behaved. We conform our step to the stride of the Majority. We are good citizens. Why? Because, from babyhood to maturity, the utmost pains have been taken, at home and in school, to hammer these law-abiding qualities into our minds and to show us the wretched results of deflecting from them. By fear and by precept, we are moulded; that we may attain to the be : that is within us.

How about our dogs? At best, their education and upb-'-ging is pitifully inadequate. We spend a bri.. me in teaching them one or two laws, and leave them to master the rest for themselves, or to leave the rest unlearned. And, in the few things we do teach them, we are prone to be doltishly slow in comprehending their limitations and temperament. We are still more prone to be cruelly swift of anger, when our own inefficient form of tuition fails to make them quick and apt scholars.

How many children would learn the lessons of life and of school, if taught as carelessly and stupidly as most of us teach our dogs; and if those lessons were punctuated by kick and blow and oath? Lucky for dogs is it that God has given them a mysterious instinct, wherewith to eke out the inadequacies of human teaching!

What young humans grasp their lessons as readily in proportion as does the average dog? When the kindergarten child grows tired or confused, there are always pretty games to refresh the fagged little mind. When the puppy waxes confused and tired,

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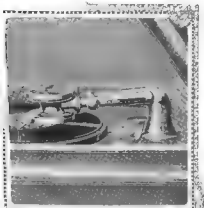

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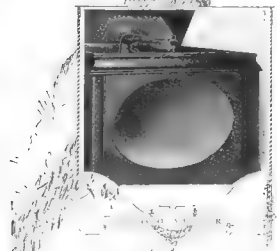

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trying to learn a lesson which to him is as involved as is Sturm's Theorem to a collegian, — he is liable to find change of occupation in the shape of a whack over the head or a kick. And then his kind master wonders why, next time, the pup approaches his lessons with such unwillingness!

(By the way, whip your dog if you lack the intelligence to master him in any better fashion. But never, *never* kick him. A kick means a strong chance of a rupture or of a broken rib. Also it is the best possible way to wreck your dog's disposition.)

Given one-tenth the chance that is afforded a human, a dog can be taught anything within the grasp of the canine mind, in half the time and with twice the thoroughness that the average child can master it. And he will remember it much longer.

There are worthless dogs. There are dogs that are mean or foolish or vicious or treacherous; or all four. But — well, there is no dearth of human population in our prisons and poorhouses and insane asylums. Proportionately, and in view of early training, there are infinitely fewer dogs than humans in the roster of mental and moral deficiency.

Given any sort of a start and a decent environment, your dog can set you a glowing example in adaptability and in discipline, and in clean, and unselfish and normal living. King Solomon's ant may or may not have taught a few people how to work. But your dog — if you will deign to learn of him — can teach you how to LIVE.

Dollars or Dullards

(Continued from Page 37)

of the Germans by their absolute disregard of everything save that which an American might die, he never surrendered.

They will never fully know what it means to be an American — never fully come into their inheritance — because their teacher was too tired to lead them. And he was too tired because America would not pay him enough to give him the time for study for the thoughtful teaching of her children.

Worse than the empty classroom, worse than the overworked part time teacher is the teacher who is dissatisfied and remains in the schools grumbling all day long. They are in every school in the land.

A teacher picks up the newspaper and reads the pay schedules of the steel workers and immediately becomes indignant. The idea that a worker that had to make little or no preparation for his work earns as much in a single day as he does in a week strikes him as rank injustice and he must voice it.

In the classroom the attitude of mind of the teacher carries over to the children. The vague feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest soon permeates the school and the morale goes down. The morale of the school is the morale of the country. This is bad business.

If in any other business of the nation there was an annual turnover of one fifth of the employees there would be meetings, conferences, wage discussions, and action would follow. Action that tended to stop the waste and loss resulting from the steady stream of inefficient and immature workers.

Why not in the schools? Is it because our children are not directly marketable? Is it because we do not think of our child's product as competing with the child product of the other nations of the world?

To-morrow these children will be in exactly that position. They will be fighting for the leadership of the world. We, their parents and teachers and government willed it to be so. Then it behooves us to keep faith with them and prepare them for the day just ahead. Arm them with wisdom, and courage, and sound common sense or they must ultimately go down to defeat. Teach them the rudiments at least of the work they must be called on to do. Build schools and more schools and train teachers and pay teachers until every child in the country has his chance with the best. To do less is to fail to keep the faith. It is death.

That Brave Northwest

(Continued from Page 48)

him. And he's getting proud of his family, takes 'em out every day he's off. We'll make a good citizen of him yet. Great thing — that cheap car!

Lost as the men are in these remote places without their saloons, I believe a majority of them would vote against their return. The evils of the saloon have been thrown into high relief by its closing.

Their faith in the curative power of the car is really faith in the out-of-doors. They are zealous disciples of the open air and the open road in their great country. "Camping out" in the mountains seems to be almost as general as observing Christmas. The compact and comfortable outfit of my chance friends by the river was used every year after the harvest for a week of hunting and fishing in the mountains. "We want the children to get the habit," explained Mrs. Jones but her explanation struck me as like that of the man who goes to the circus for the sake of the boys.

It's a race of campers they're raising up out there — a race of campers and dancers. Dancing is a regular town amusement. It seems to be particularly encouraged by the Mormons. Our Circuit led us into a dozen or more of their towns — they are among the strongest and most intelligent supporters of the Chautauqua idea in the Northwest, and always we found the town dancing. It seemed sometimes as if half our audience adjourned to the dance hall after our session — and frequently before I was through! My impression is that most of these dancing places were supported by the municipality — though of this I am not sure.

In all the ordering of their lives there is constant earnest attention given to the child. He is the future for them — the fulfillment of their struggle. For him they have blazed the rail and they are almost fierce in their decision that their pains and effort shall not be lost.

Their support of Chautauqua comes quite as much from a faith that the children will get something there as that it gives them relaxation and stimulus. "What *do* they get?" I asked Mrs. Jones.

"You'd be surprised," said she, "what they pick up. It sets them thinking and

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asking questions. They make games out of the singers and leaders and hold Chautauquas themselves all winter. You can never tell what a child is getting. All you can be sure of is that it is something quite different from what you'd suppose."

It is certainly to be hoped that they do profit for they are the pitfall and dread of the "talent." Of course the "set up" enthralls them,— it looks so much like a circus! Then they are taken in — a part of the thing. The personnel always includes a well-trained college girl who trains the children for a pageant to come off at the end of the week. The children no quicker learn this than they appropriate the place.

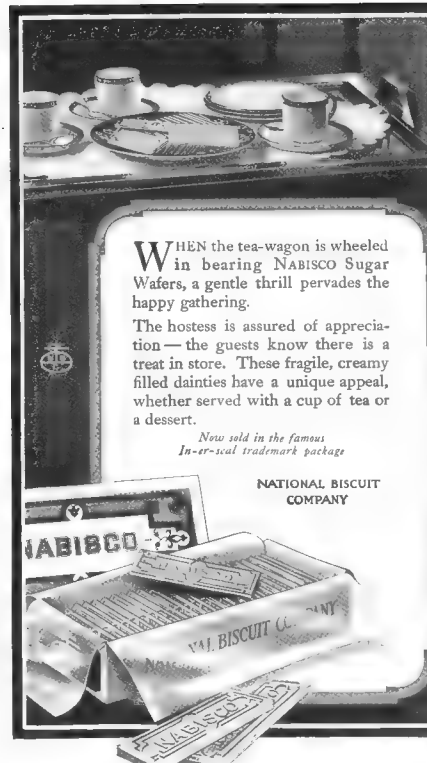
They particularly love the front row of seats, and at night the ground between the platform and the benches. I have seen this space thick with sprawling youngsters — most of them would finally go to sleep but now and then there would be a boy flat on his stomach, his eyes riveted on you — apparently not losing a word. One wondered.

Their pranks are endless and have that quality of unexpectedness which is so upsetting. More than once in my 66 nights, my gravity was imperilled. A speaker is in danger when out of the tail of his eye he can see two young reprobates stealthily setting fire to the high dry grass which clothes the ground under the tent. That happened and the flame blazed dangerously when two pairs of stout boots from behind descended wrathfully upon it, and two indignant elders hustled the incendiaries away.

One night not only I but half the tent full succumbed to one of the sweetest incidents that ever came my way. In the front row a beautiful child of three or four lay asleep in its father's arms. Its dreams were merry for suddenly a ringing, irresistible child laugh filled the tent. Curiously enough everybody seemed to sense that it was laughing in its sleep. What could we do? Nothing but yield to the contagion, and we did. I shall never forget the quality of the laughter of those people — its sympathy, its gentleness.

The confusion, the disorder the youngsters cause, the vigilance that is necessary to keep them even under halfway control is hard on their elders. To sit with your arms full of babies through the session as they often do, to always have a half-eye for what Mary or Tom is doing, or may be about to do, is not entirely restful; but they philosophically and humorously endure for the hypothetical profit the youngsters may derive. They have an immeasurable faith that you cannot listen to good things without getting good. The children "get something" then, but the young people who have developed literary and musical tastes and often show talent, get more for they use "talent" — director and crew, for counsel. The circuit musicians are asked almost daily to "try out" an aspiring young vocalist, pianist, violinist — and the speaker who happens to be also a writer is again and again asked to read manuscripts, to advise about "going East to study," to tell what he knows of the ways of publishers.

There is pride everywhere in the young people who show special talent. They quote you all their writers, singers, artists. They know the very child of foreign born parents that has shown talent and are boastful of the chances they know the child will have — and the encouragement. Indeed everywhere I found pride in foreign settlements that had really taken hold. I remem-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ber being driven through one valley where there was a colony of Austrians and told of their thrift, their toil, their success, of the dependable citizens they were becoming; and again of being shown a large town settlement of Russians where almost every family owned its home. The children filled a handsome school building, the town had developed a park for them. My guides could tell me of the boys they had sent to the war, the girls they were sending to college. This was *their* answer to I. W. W. and Bolshevism. This is *real* America, they told me. Give them a chance to acquire land and send their children to school and they will do the rest. Faith, you see, faith in the belief we started with. For all their troubles, the answer of the Northwest is still, "More schools, more work. Knowledge and labor."

And they have troubles from both man and nature. Sprinkled everywhere are I. W. W.'s. In mines and smelters and railroad towns one hears the grumble of discontent, the threats of strike. Here and there are ugly fortunes, corrupt policies, wicked practices. On tens of thousands of acres of the land, through which we traveled drought had laid its hot hand and beets and wheat and oats were burnt to a crisp. Over a large part of one great State this was the *third* year of fatal heat and dryness. For days we traveled in terrifying yellow light, the sun an orange moon, the ground gritty with cinders from the forest fires which destroyed millions of feet of lumber and drove men and women from their homes on mountain sides and in valleys.

Oh, I could make you a list of woes and dangers and evil things seen and heard in those ten weeks that, taken by themselves, would almost satisfy our greediest pessimists. While it would be a true list it would be a dishonest picture. For these facts are but incidents in the whole. For one man that cannot or will not work there are a thousand that you cannot drag from plough or berry field, from gold prospecting or store keeping. For every farmer driven out by drought are a hundred who say, "It will change next year I'll get work to carry us through."

What it all amounts to, I think, is that in this brave and beautiful Northwest, one gets an unusually open view of the normal current of human life — that great steady onmoving stream that nothing has ever turned from its current — nor ever will. "Views" and wars, dreams and riots may ruffle its surface, clog it for a moment, even force it to make a long, swift leap, but they change neither its course, its volume nor its nature. Birth and death, labor, suffering, joy, these are the current — they go on forever, and these are life.

Making People Into Folks

(*Continued from Page 55*)

their quite artistic background of thinned-out pine-trees, was a delight to the eye; while the nearby village-church, of colonial design from porch to steeple, almost tricked you into thinking that you had stumbled upon some precious corner in old New England. Oleander's cottages, which are built by the MacRae Company on its own lands, become the tenants' property after twenty years of instalment-payments which would equal a monthly rental of about $25.00.

"You asked me how to tempt city-dwellers to the farms," said Mr. McRae, "Briefly, by planning your farms about a center of social interest. A community such as Oleander, if you placed it in the heart of a large agricultural section, would soon develop its stores, schools, libraries and places of amusement, which would serve equally the business class of residents and the outlying farmsteads. Farm-loneliness must be banished by putting the means of sociability and entertainment within, say, an hour of the cultivator's door. There will be needed, too, a wide propaganda which will replace farming on its traditional basis of importance and dignity. But there is one more bit of the picture-puzzle that I would like you to see."

After a half-hour's car-trip over rails that Mr. MacRae's traction company had laid from Wilmington through the pinewoods in developing what we were about to visit, we descended upon a splendid stretch of North Carolinian sea-beach, where a long line of summer cottages fronted the Atlantic, with Wrightsville's broad sound aflow at their rear. Here thousands of Saturday afternoon trippers, the MacRae colonists among them, were spending their half-holiday in amphibious alternation between surf and sands.

"Another feature of the social element in your plan?" I asked as we stood watching the fun.

"Yes — this together with 'Lumina,' which you'll see tonight. Call it the cement with which the different parts of the scheme are held together. We have had to build scatteredly, and by slow degrees, how and where we could; but I hope that one day some group of Human Engineers, following the lines of our necessarily fragmentary work, will compact it all in a model Surburban Farms Community. Something like this!" He traced upon the sand a number of concentric, ever-widening circles, centered about a cross, which was connected with the circumference by various radii — a kind of conventional spider-web. "The cross," he explained, is the social and industrial Community Center, which will contain good stores, manufactories for producing various farming essentials, and places of recreation and amusement. This, for the purposes of a model, I would limit to ten thousand acres. The circles, representing in all about forty thousand acres, are farm-belts, while the radii are the roads. The inmost (smallest) farm-belt should consist of five-acre tracts, reserved for the most intensive work, the next belt of ten-acre tracts, and so on in like progression, up to belts large enough for dairy or stock-farming, and to territories crude enough for the restless spirit of a man who prefers frontier experiences. There you have a projected model for a population of twenty thousand. It constitutes a piece of Human Engineering which would prove an inestimable stimulation not only to the governmental soldiers'-farms project, but to co-operative agriculture generally?"

That evening, when "Lumina," the big, open-air pavilion of Mr. MacRae's creation, threw its brilliant glow along the beach, and we strolled in and out among its three thousand merrymakers, I had to rub my eyes to realize that here were the conservative South's best sons and daughters, side by side with the emigrant colonists' children, seated at the same outdoor movie, or dancing on the same fine floor. We paused for a moment to watch the crowd roaring over Chaplin's antics, screened against the ocean's background; and suddenly it occurred to me that the quiet man at my elbow, in planting co-operative *emigrant*-colonies, creating a surburban social-center, and cementing these and a city of forty thousand people by means of this seaside plaisance, had done a remarkable, democratizing thing. It was truly far-visioned — a piece of social futurism. Almost he continued my thought, as he turned to me, saying:

"We have just helped to defeat a Power whose autocratic greatness of organization was based upon what someone called 'science without a soul.' Isn't now the very time to make the preservation of our democracy most worth while? Cannot we similarly create a *democratic* greatness of organization by means of a science which shall aim, not merely at piling up trade-balances or perfecting industrial methods, but at our people's fuller industry and happiness through the improvement of social conditions, the better adaptation of each part to the general scheme? Yes, that's just what I mean by Human Engineering — science *with* a soul."

"Ready"

(*Continued from Page 50*)

general relief committee for the entire devastated area and in the various subcommittees, the one having in hand the work of relief to the 400 homeless people being composed entirely of Red Cross members with Mr. Jones as chairman. Gov. Hobby further requested the Red Cross to appraise the entire devastated district, to take charge of all funds which continued to be sent to him and to apportion those funds to the several communities in accordance with their respective losses. Just how much the work of the organization was appreciated generally was expressed in an editorial in the St. Louis Dispatch of September 16 which said:

"The Red Cross, one of whose objects is to minimize suffering after just such a disaster due to the elements, has a machinery in readiness that may be put into instant operation. . . The duty of liberal, all-the-year-round support of the Red Cross is made plain."

Mr. Fairbank, in a report on the disaster work in the official publication of the Southwestern division, paid conspicuous tribute to the work of the Corpus Christi Chapter in the situation.

"Too much cannot be said," he stated, "of the heroic and remarkable service of the Corpus Christi Red Cross in literally preparing to meet the disaster before it had actually visited the community and immediately assuming a commanding position, giving aid and assistance to the stricken population."

So Miss Seaton (*Continued on Page 71*)

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TAKING awkward angles out of the early Christmas morning atmosphere!

HOW that low-on-luck feeling will peel off *his* mind when the happy-handout-happens Christmas morning; and, his keen eye sights the stage all set with the pound crystal glass humidor of Prince Albert tobacco gowned in the glories of a radiant holiday rainbow! Turkey takes to the tall timbers compared with the all-star-feast *you* spread so temptingly before his smoke appetite!

PRINCE ALBERT, for Christmas, lands on a man's tank-of-thanks like a spill-of-snow when the sleigh-bells are rusty from lack of jingles! P. A. as a *man gift* is the high-sign, the last word, the directest route to his comfort, his contentment, his smoke-happiness! It's the touch-that-lifts-the-lid, that takes the awkward angles out of the evergreen-and-holly atmosphere and makes the whole family on both sides think and talk in one language!

YOU'LL enjoy seeing *him* fuss his old jimmy pipe, all-brimful with Prince Albert! Or, *getting his* "rolling his own!" Never was such a delightful makin's cigarette as P. A. supplies. He can smoke the limit with Prince Albert *for it can't bite his tongue or parch his throat!* Our exclusive patented process fixes that! He'll just want to get thirty-six-smoke-hours out of the legal twenty-four, *that's all!*

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A Peep Into The Future

It is always interesting to know what is going to happen and every one enjoys the sensation of being able to look forward and contemplate pleasant things that are to come.

The Red Cross Magazine

of the immediate future holds forth the prospect of entertainment, education and information: three reasons for your reading this announcement with a lively sense of anticipation.

For the JANUARY issue

The Evidence Follows

T. N. Vail discusses **The Most Worthwhile Thing in Life.** Here is a man who has achieved eminence in the world of affairs. Looking back over a notable and eventful career he tells what he considers the measure of success for you, for me and for everyone. B. C. Forbes brings Mr. Vail's message to the public.

"Humans — 90% Good says Geo. F." *by Ida M. Tarbell.* The results of a personal visit to the great shoe manufacturing plant of the Endicott-Johnson Corporation which explain why the workers call the community in which they live "The Valley of Fair Play." A lesson here for employers, and the public generally.

None So Old! Every real American likes to read about every other real American and that's why this is a good story. It is about real Americans who make up a family that you will see more about in this magazine. Theodocia Pearce, a new member of our family of writers, discovered them and she has woven love, beauty and strength into an absorbing fiction tale — the first of several.

If This Isn't Enough---We Also Have

Doctoring the Yellow Dragon, *by Frank Ward O'Malley.*

Two Wives and a Quart of Seed Wheat, *by Anne Shannon Monroe.*

The Elastic Envelope, *by Prof. Irving Fisher.*

The People's Players, *by Constance Mackay.*

Your Health? Naturally you are interested in it. The three surgeon generals of the Army, the Navy and the U. S. Public Health Service, conduct a department on this very subject monthly. There are no higher authorities and the benefit of their wisdom is offered to you and yours along with this magazine.

Better America! A collection of little stories about the common, ordinary people and things that show a nation's heart, appears every month. Perhaps you can contribute something to it and help out.

Your Magazine—My Magazine—Our Magazine

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"Ready"

(*Continued from Page 68*)

and her aids have their reward. It was an opportunity for which she had long trained herself and for which her experience as field director of military work during the war had especially fitted her. She was one of the organizers of the Corpus Christi Chapter of the Red Cross in 1917 and has been able to give a great deal of her time and enthusiasm to it. She is a business woman of importance in the city and a leading figure in real estate circles there.

The Corpus Christi disaster, terrible as it was, will still be the inspiration of much good. It has convinced the southwest that the Red Cross with its peace time program is indispensable and, so far as the organization itself is concerned, it has done one particular thing which is well expressed by Mr. Tarbank:

"May we not draw from this terrible disaster the convincing lesson that each chapter must be prepared for the disaster which may visit its own community just as unexpectedly as this which brought such havoc at Corpus Christi?"

Health Department

(*Continued from Page 5*)

muscles of their body, and to get outdoor air and exercise — they got well, too. They slept like tops, with their bodies glowing with warmth!

THE PRICE OF FOOD

ARE you getting real value from the money you pay for food? In times like these, it is highly important that what you spend be made to accomplish something.

Do you go to the grocery store and say to the clerk that you want a can of asparagus, or a quart of dried beans, and pay him the money without knowing how many food units it is yielding?

As long as you are the ignorant one, the groceryman will deal with you. Reverse the situation — you to know exactly how many food units you are getting, but he to take a given bulk of money blindly — and he will refuse to do business. For example, suppose you say to him, "I want, definitely, 10,000 food units of potatoes, and for it I will give you this handful of small change." Would he count out 100 large potatoes, to give you accurately the amount you called for, and take his chance on what 50 handsful of change would yield him in returns? He would not investigate the quality of money, in the handful, or he would shut up shop.

If you ask for a food, however, and do not know how many food units it contains, you are running a risk of cheating yourself out of the best returns for your money. A can of asparagus, for which you would pay 20 cents, would give you only 1000 food units, whereas a pound of dried beans, for which you would have to pay only 15 cents, would give you practically 1600 units of nourishment. If you were spending your last dollar for food and when that was gone you must starve, it would make a great difference in the length of your life which of these you bought your dollar for oysters or for milk. One quart of each, although there is little difference in cost, there is only equal to [illegible]

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Better America

(*Continued from Page 29*)

his ambitions as actual evidences of degeneracy, we floor him with an accusatory "What have you suffered?" or, "Whom have *you* murdered!"

When you come to think of it, why suffer? Are there no poets who were never hoboes? Are there no musicians and painters of real greatness who never descended to primordial types of love experience and let their hair grow long? What about traditions, anyway? Many of our choicest have come to be revealed as delusions. Only a little while ago it was a tradition among medical men that a wound could not heal if it did not fester. Arctic explorers considered rum a necessity until they discovered that it was their bitterest enemy in the cold. In India they still believe that men cannot go to heaven unless their dead bodies may float rotting in the drinking water of the Ganges! One by one old fallacies fall away, men come into greater health and wholesomeness of mind. A symptom of our progress is the fact that musicians and other artists are making good without the morbid elements with which their professions have long been weighted. Those very elements are being revealed as the greatest obstacles to achievement. Jascha Heifetz, one of the world's foremost violin players, is a conspicuous example of success without morbidity.

Even the most conservative old music critics have been stirred by his art; they speak of its "great white passion." They marvel at how he stands there, with none of the ranting and twisting — just stands there, and with ease and poise he brings it out. Here is a quotation from a typical report of his concerts.

"An exceptional and exquisitely beautiful tone. His bowing is alive with sensitiveness. His style is ravishing in its purity. These three qualities are prominent in spite of a technique which excites amazement and admiration. The boy's taste, which must have been inborn and instinctive at first, is fastidious to the last degree."

At one of his concerts, two musicians, themselves professional violinists, sat rapt. They were breathless, and according to their own confession, amazed and jealous. His playing seemed to them that of a superman. Just near the end of a piece, after his usual marvelous exhibition, he made a little slip. One of the musician listeners heaved a great sigh, and whispered, "Thank God — he's human!"

How does he do it! Is it the product of the urge of poverty? Is it a richness of development out of some life of tragedy? Through what special suffering has he thus been rewarded? These were some of the questions in my mind, when I went to Narragansett Pier to interview Mr. Heifetz.

When he stood before me, in his own home, a straight, red-cheeked, athletic, blonde-haired boy, it was very evident that he had not got the emotional depths, or heights, which he expressed in his art out of any morbid experiences. I readily guessed that the little touch of disunity with which he met himself, and which for a brief moment might be mistaken for haughtiness, was the unconscious habit of defense from many eyes and audiences. Under the warmth of conversation it quickly melted away, and only a human, fresh intelligent, democratic boy of I should say 21 years, was evident. Acutely interested in his tennis and golf, his swimming and horseback riding, and at the moment particularly "crazy" over a special new car; declaring that he liked jazz, that the American people are more musical than Europeans — as evidenced by the fact that one sees some sort of musical instrument in every home; that he had a good time at Coney Island on a thing that went up and down and zzz thu way and zzz that way — I would wager that he never had a serious love affair, and as to tragedies that he couldn't rake up a thing - only a boy, with normal pleasures, adventuresome, and fun-loving! What, then, was the story of his great and enviable musical achievement? Such a simple, human, but suggestive little tale as it was! Here it is, as told by himself:

"My father was the first violin in a big symphony orchestra in the City of Vilna, Russia. When I was three years old, he used to take me on his knee and one of his favorite tricks was to sing to me and make a mistake in the tune. I would then rag at his coat and cry out, and protest to have it sung rightly. This would greatly amuse my father. So, one day he brought home to me a tiny violin, only so long (measuring eight or ten inches), and he showed me how to place my fingers, and to play on it. By the time I was five I could already play quite a little, and played in public. When I was eight years old I was graduated from a music school where they took a few children, of whom I was the youngest. By that time I had mastered such pieces as the Beethoven or Wieniawski concertos. I gave many concerts. One of the ways by which I progressed was to attend the concert of some great artist, then come home and set for myself the impossible task of something he had done, and work at it until it became possible.

"Later I was able to study with Auer, but my own father has been my principal critic. He not only knows music, but knows the instrument. After one of my performances, it is he who gives me the most helpful report; it is he who says, 'This part was not warm enough, that was too fast, or something else had not enough feeling.'"

His story gives a fresh dignity to musical aspiration; it is a shaft of wholesome sunlight. The principle of Heifetz's success is applicable to any profession. It is particularly suggestive to mothers and fathers raising young children. The simple and beautiful method by which this great artist was created might have made, for instance, a great scientist, or a great engineer. What are *you* doing for your three-year-old son?

WHEN A FRONT DOOR MEANS EVERYTHING

By Herbert Asbury

THE village of Ridgewood, N. J., has always been one of the most beautiful of the suburban towns of New York City. For years it has been a village of gardens, farms, orchards and wooded plots, with rolling heights and wooded valleys of great natural beauty, enhanced by the fine homes surrounded by spacious, well-kept lawns. From one end to the other it is a veritable park, quiet, clean and restful, because it is entirely a residential town, and without the clangor and smoke of factories.

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About the only machinery one can hear in Ridgewood is the ice cream freezers and the printing presses of the two newspapers — and the presses run but once a week.

Now all this has been true for a great many years, but until three years ago people who did not live in Ridgewood would not believe it, because the evidence of their own eyes was against the statements of its beauty. There is wealth in Ridgewood, and fine, upstanding Americanism that sent many of her sons into the Army, but every time a resident of Ridgewood voiced his pride in his village whoever it was he was trying to impress would say, with considerable sarcasm:

"Yes. I've been through your town on the Erie, and going into Ridgewood always makes me think I'm about to land in some one's back yard, and a very dirty back yard, at that."

That was what was the matter with Ridgewood up to three years ago. It was a fine village, really. It had fine people. It had wealth. It had banks, and newspapers, and fine homes, and stores, and smooth, macadamized streets — but its approach could hardly have been equalled anywhere for untidiness. It was almost squalor. The railroad station was the principal eye-sore — that and the surroundings for some hundreds of yards on either side. The station itself was an old, dilapidated, rickety building that looked as if it was the first the Erie railroad erected.

The backyard of creation was what a stranger called it one day in the midst of a group of Ridgewood residents who were commuting home from business in New York. Fortunately for Ridgewood, one of these commuters was Daniel A. Garber, president of one of the largest construction companies in the United States and then Mayor of the village. Mr. Garber loved Ridgewood. He had lived there for years. He had property there. His best friends lived there, and it was his home, and he knew it was a fine town, because he had been all over it many, many times.

"Ridgewood," he said, "is one of the finest little residential towns in the United States."

"Then why doesn't Ridgewood clean its front door?" asked the stranger.

That set Mr. Garber to thinking, and when he got off the train he took a good, hard look at the station and the right of way — the front door of the village. He was surprised at what he saw. That, of course was because the picture he had in his mind of Ridgewood was of the village's interior — the spacious drawing room, the fine library, the spotless kitchen. He had hardly ever noticed the front door. But he thought, and thought hard for several days, and then he had much talk with the officials of the Erie Railroad, and very satisfactory talk. Then he went back to Ridgewood and had a meeting of the Ridgewood Commissioners, Dr. John B. Hopper, who is now Mayor, and George U. White.

"Ridgewood," said Mr. Garber, "is going to have a new station."

"How?" asked the Commissioners.

"The town will pay half," replied the Mayor, "and the railroad will pay half. I've seen the officials about it. We'll have the finest railroad station on the Erie. We'll clean up our front door."

And in the end that was what Ridgewood had — the finest station, the handsomest front door, of any town on the entire Erie system. There are stations that are larger,

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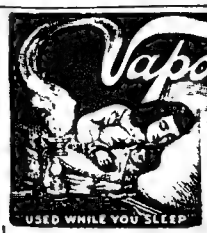

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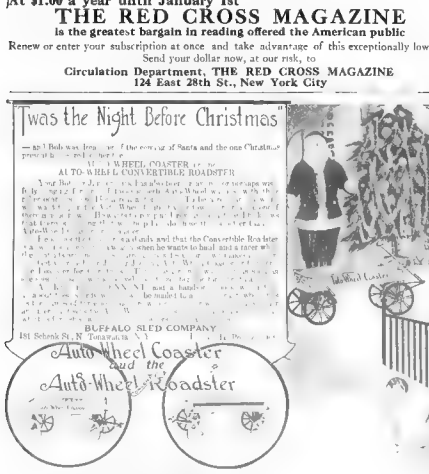

many of them, but there is none more beautiful. And Mr. Garber's plan was ridiculously easy of accomplishment, too, once he got started. Most of the citizens of the village had been just like their Mayor. They had lacked perspective. They hadn't realized their town from the railroad. They had been too close to it.

But all of the big business men, and all of the little business men, and everyone else in the village, turned to and made the plan a big success. It wasn't done by a fund raised by a few wealthy men; it was a municipal enterprise. The village did it, everybody in the village had a hand in it. The Commissioners passed the necessary laws, the business men arranged for the bond issues, and the tax payers of Ridgewood, with its 7,000 population, furnished half of the necessary amount — and the improvement cost $300,000. And now, instead of the rickety structure that once served for a station, there is a handsome stone building, surrounded by parks, with the grade crossings gone and everything so spotlessly clean and comfortable that the stranger in the village feels as if he should become a Mohammedan and remove his shoes before entering.

And the real reward of Mr. Garber, and of the whole village, too, for that matter, came not long ago when, in the presence of a large number of business men of Ridgewood, a stranger on a train looked out of a window and said:

"Here is the prettiest little town on the Erie!"

And Ridgewood did all this so easily that it is perfectly obvious that any other town can do it, too — any other town can clean its front door and make its front porch a park.

Even your town.

LOOKING OUT FOR THE OTHER FELLOW

WHERE'S Tom?" That was the question that John Bates asked, when he lay, bruised, bleeding and dying on a pile of bricks on the foundry floor. "Where's Tom?"

He and Tom were both sheet metal workers. They had worked together; they had faced danger together, and they had stood on scaffolds and riveted metal in places where a false move of one might plunge his companion to disaster or sudden death. But each knew that he could rely upon the other, that his life was safe in his partner's hands. So they had become almost indifferent to danger.

This morning they were constructing a metal bulkhead in the electric furnace alcove of the steel foundry at a navy yard. As a scaffold they were using an idle travelling crane, though they both knew that it was not a safe one. They stood in similar positions, one foot on the crane, the other foot upon a ledge projecting from the bulkhead. Tom Hicks' left arm encircled a small iron pipe. John Bates to steady himself also grasped the flimsy pipe. Thirty feet below them lay a pile of fire brick and the foundry floor.

"This pipe isn't strong enough for the two of us," said Tom.

"That's all right," answered his companion. "I won't put any weight on it. You hold it — you need it and I don't."

On they went with their work, oblivious

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to the rickety pipe, the dangerous crane and the floor beneath them. They did not notice the crane operator as he climbed into his cage. Neither did he notice them perched upon the crane. He threw on the power. Suddenly the crane began slowly and surely moving away from the bulkhead.

There they were astride a widening gap. Bates thought quickly. With the first movement of the crane, he made his decision. The pipe would bear the weight of only one man. One man alone could cling to it. He did not hesitate.

"Hold on, Tom!" he shouted and taking the only chance left for his own life, he hurled himself backward to an attempt to reach the crane and cling to it. But it was swinging rapidly away, and he fell thirty feet down upon the bricks below.

"Where's John?' asked Tom Hicks, when he was rescued, pale and trembling, from the bulkhead ledge.

His first question, his fear and his pallor were all for his mate.

The same worry was in Bates' mind when he opened his eyes.

"Where's Tom?" he whispered weakly.

"Safe," they told him.

He gave a little sigh of relief and closed his eyes. To the last he had looked after the other fellow.

FURNISHING THE FRIEND IN NEED

By "Nurse" Conroy

WHEN a man has some littletrouble, he hollers loudly, but when he is really in deep, often he does n't make a sound. It frequently happens that at the very time when a man most needs a friend, he is least aware of it.

Among so many people as the two thousand employes of a transportation company where I am engaged as nurse, there are bound to occur personal difficulties that hinder men's work — temporary money distresses, spats with friend wife, emergency medical and surgical cases such as cuts, and sprains or the sudden advent of healthy twins into the family before a doctor can be summoned. All such troubles are quickly reported to our medical department, or to our "Sunshine Committee," the employee's own organization, and every possible assistance and guidance promptly given. But some of the deepest troubles of the employees might never be known did we not have a system by which, automatically, a trouble sets up a signal, and by which, when I get that signal, I at once set out to furnish the friend in need.

The other morning when I came into the office I asked, as usual, what men had not reported for work. They gave me the name and address of a man who they said had been absent several days, and so I started out for his place. It was a rooming house. I went upstairs, knocked at his door, heard no response, opened the door, and looked in. He was in bed. I went over to him. The moment I saw his face, I knew he was desperately sick. He was unconscious, his eyes were glassy, the lids half open, his lips apart and drawn back, and there was beginning to settle into his face that sunken look of a dying man. A fever of over 105 degrees

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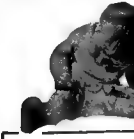

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was burning him to ashes. The room was hot but he was dressed in a heavy suit of underwear. Over it were a sweater and bathrobe, and over those heavy quilts and blankets. The bed was wet from his perspiration. It was a clear case of pneumonia, and there was no time to lose. I quickly got hold of the landlady, had her summon a doctor, I obtained ice, aspirin and other drugs, dry bedding, pajamas, and then I went to work. I gave him the drugs, and I got off those wet things and gave him a long, cool alcohol rub. It was three hours that I treated and bathed him. I fixed him up in the dry clothes and the dry bed. At the end of that time, his temperature had fallen one degree; he had weathered the crisis.

With returning consciousness, came new difficulties. He murmured and moaned,—whispering frequently to himself, "My poor boy," and it was evident that he had a family in some other place, and was afraid they would suffer. His worries were hindering his recovery. We looked up the family, attended to their provision, and entirely eased the man's mind. I made frequent visits to him, each day, until he was on his feet again.

It is not, however, simply a case of curing pneumonia. This man has a new love for his job, and a new belief in the real brotherhood of man.

In another case, it was a baby's life at stake. One of the employees told me that a certain man had not come to work because "another baby was sick." Only a week before this man had lost a small child from what some doctor had diagnosed as "intestinal trouble." Because the child had died, the man was afraid of all doctors, and had not called one lest he "kill" this child. When I went into the house the mother sat there with the sick child in her arms. The husband was sitting beside the stove, looking desperately tired, evidently having been up all night. Two other children were playing on the floor at their mother's feet. Instead of finding a case of "intestinal trouble," as I had expected — such cases being very prevalent on account of the deplorable habit of allowing children to go bare-legged — I found that the sick baby had a severe case of diphtheria; it was slowly choking to death.

The first thing to do was to get the two well children away from the danger. I guessed what might have caused the first child's death. I got the doctor as quickly as I could, antitoxin was given, the other children were treated with preventive measures, and the family finally pulled out of its difficulty.

When you do something for a man's child, you are touching him in a spot that is more vital than his own life. It is often the troubles in the home behind a man which manifest themselves as industrial grievances. Incidents of this sort have cemented the relations of employer and employee in our company into a true family friendship.

We hear high-sounding talk about men being "masters of their fate," and "captains of their own soul," but in this great complex world, it is terribly true that we "live by one another," and that there are crises when we live at all only by the grace of some watchful friend. How many of us are lax in our vigilance for the best opportunities to be of service.

SOME DOORS WILL ALWAYS OPEN

By Reinette Lovewell

STARTING back in '86 with a few dozen cakes fried in a New England spider over a wood fire, a Bridgeport, Connecticut, man now supplies New York City each morning with so many thousand dozen crullers, that, piled end on end, they would tower eighteen miles up in the air. But between the days of the cook stove and the erection of the huge factories which fill motor trucks with breakfast cakes each morning, he has been through a good many discouraging hours. .

When he was a young chap down in New Britain, F. L. Bradbury went out hunting a job — and found jobs surprisingly scarce. In his travels he came upon a young woman selling crullers she made herself, to support two little children. Her husband was stranded in Texas and the remittances, upon which she had depended, suddenly failed her. In desperation she thought of her grandmother's recipe, famous in three states. The spicy cakes made from the secret formula sold surprisingly and young Bradbury volunteered as her first salesman.

The partnership lasted only a few weeks for the young woman's husband worked his way north, reinstated himself at the head of his family and voiced the sentiment that woman's place is in the home — not peddling doughnuts.

That very week came word that a job in a machine shop a job with a pay envelope every Saturday night, the JOB he had so long sought, was waiting in Hartford. He started to walk up the river to the capital city. Half way there he sat down on a log by the roadside and did the most significant thinking of his life. Suppose he should stick to making crullers, a sissy sort of a thing for a big husky boy to do — would there be more money in it at the end of the year than at the bench in the machine shop? Where was he going to get flour and lard and a stove to cook on? He would never make a fortune as a machinist, that was certain. He *might* if he could make crullers enough, at profits enough, long enough. People had been eating doughnuts more than two hundred years right in New England and there was no sign of their stopping. On the fallen log he dreamed the immortal dream of Youth — to become rich, to own a fine house, to travel anywhere he wanted to go.

When he stood up again he turned his back on the church spires of Hartford and headed back to New Britain. There he bought for a song the recipe a seventeen-year-old bride had brought to Connecticut sixty years before, took it with him to Bridgeport, and, in a cramped basement, with a stove which had only four lids he made his first few dozen crullers, put them in a basket and sold them from door to door.

It was hard sledding — a young man with doughnuts to sell was an innovation of which housewives did not approve. Someway it did not seem like honest work. But Bradbury kept to his basket. Every morning, rain or shine, he was out before breakfast, with his savory twisted cakes. Here and there he found a mother who had been up

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nights with the baby and was glad to buy something ready cooked for the morning meal. The men of the families where Bradbury sold, ate, approved and inquired when "that feller" was coming round again. After a while the basket was abandoned for a horse and "democrat" wagon with a box in the back.

Most of the thirty dollars young Bradbury put into the business he lost. Stale crullers accumulated astonishingly and dried as hard as bricks. He didn't know how to get rid of them and hated to have the neighbors watch him tote them out into the back yard. But he fried more and sold what he could. Gradually his sales increased and instead of cold dismissals he found women waiting for him in the doorways with plates in their hands.

In a year or so he began sending them into New York by express. The great city liked them first rate, ate so many that there now stands a great factory in Long Island City which gets them over to the East River in time for early breakfasters.

Mr. Bradbury has the house of which he dreamed — automobiles of which he never once thought when he sat down on the fallen log. He has the astonishing satisfaction that the crullers he makes in a year would almost encircle the globe.

"They used to slam the door in my face when I began peddling them with a basket over my arm," he says, and a shrewd twinkle comes into his eyes, "But I made it a rule, whenever a door banged an inch or so from my nose, to go knock on another one just as fast as I could leg it up the steps. There's always *some* doors which will stay open — for anybody, if there's enough of them knocked on."

THRIFT

BY A. P.

THE forefathers and mothers of America wasted nothing. They saved the seeds for the next year's planting. They saved the feathers from the game they ate and made beds. They made their own candles and soap from the fats they saved. They reknit the wool from the worn stockings. Basting threads were saved and used again and again. To waste anything, goods, or time, or money, was looked upon as something so disgraceful as to be unholy.

Benjamin Franklin was trained in thrift. As a boy he was poor and practically homeless. He started out to make his fortune in the city of Philadelphia. He bought a bun for his breakfast and walked along the street munching it.

The girl he was to make his wife one day, saw him and he looked so funny, that she laughed aloud. Then to make up for her rudeness, she called her father to look and asked him to take the boy into his printing office. He found a job and kept at it. He printed a little book called "Poor Richard's Almanac." It was full of the notion of thrift.

He practised what he preached. He became a leader in the new Republic, the United States of America. People listened to him with respect. When America was hard pressed, Washington sent him to France to ask for help. The French people welcomed this plain speaking, simply dressed man. They listened to him and gave him what he wanted.

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MY WONDERFUL FATHER

A belated appreciation by one of his sons

I HAVE read with great interest in a recent issue of "The Red Cross Magazine," the story of "Theodore Roosevelt, The Father," — the story of an ideal father, who took the initiative, as a father normally should, in seeking to be a close companion and direct example to his boys. And I am going to tell you the story of a father who, because of numberless, almost insurmountable handicaps — some of heredity, some of temperament, and many more of unchangeable circumstances — has done the same thing, in an indirect way, for the life and character of his boys, perhaps even while condemning himself for a failure as a father, and in many other ways.

To begin with, I may state that I am twenty-nine years old, the youngest of a family of eight children. I have always, until recent years, had a comparatively easy time in life, and but for an awakening would, perhaps, never have come to the realization that while I have been lavishing self-pity on myself, and have been looking upon my father as a hard, unsympathetic man, in reality, for quiet, unobtrusive, but splendid self-sacrifice and heroism, my father is a man to be respected and honored. Unknown outside of a small circle, but with an influence for good none the less potent, the memory of his life, long after he has left this earth, will be mine to treasure.

As far back as I can remember, my father always appeared to me as a man carrying a great load, which he was bravely bearing alone. Although to us children he was the personification of kindness, in his own way, and delighted to give us everything he could afford, particularly at Christmas and our birthdays, still I felt, along with some of the other children, that there was somewhere a lack in his life, which he was bravely hiding. He is of German descent, and anyone who knows, whether he believes in the power of heredity or not, can realize that a person with Teutonic blood in his veins has severe handicaps of character traits to overcome.

As a boy he was raised in the country, led the average country boy's life, and was about to enter college at eighteen years of age when the Civil War broke out. He enlisted at once with the Union forces, served for three years, reached the rank of sergeant, and was honorably discharged from the service. How many times, as a child, and later, has he, at our earnest solicitation, told us stories — some gay, some grave, some of stirring bravery — of incidents during those three years, when as a mere boy he was called unflinchingly! And if sometimes his temperament tended to make him over-emphasize, perhaps, the personal element in those stories, how natural in view of the incidents of his later life! I can dimly realize to-day, having been in the Army myself, what it meant to him to give up his education, and with it, as it proved, his better chances at life, to do his duty at his country's need. For many times he has said that his ideal had been to study law and then to enter politics but he willingly gave up this prospect at the time and as it subsequently turned out, forever.

So he returned from the war, and like many another man after the present war, found conditions much changed. Everyone had suffered by the war, and his folks were no exception. Instead of having a chance to resume his education, he had to get work and get it quickly. He got it — with a small firm of manufacturing stationers — as in a minor clerical capacity. For several years he stayed with them, and learned the business thoroughly, and then started in business for himself, at a time when profits in that particular line of business were large. In the meantime he had married.

My father prospered. The children came. At first he was able to stay at home in the city, but finally started to travel to get business, leaving his partners to attend to the business at home. He travelled, off and on, for eighteen years. After he had been in business for about ten years, and had been very prosperous, his troubles started,— first absconding by two of his partners whom he had trusted implicitly, then *burned out* — not *once*, but *seven* times! Each time he got on his feet-like a valiant old oak that withstood the elements, no matter wind, or rain or tempest! He could n't be downed! Along with these troubles went sickness,— much sickness, long-continued — at home. So for forty-three years he kept at work, through rain and sunshine, weathering all storms, scarred and bruised, but *never giving in*.

And now I come to the part of my father's story which, in my eyes, stamps him as the hero that he is. During all those years, whether we children realized it or not — at the time we did not — there had been an estrangement between my father and my mother. My mother is, and has been a splendid, loyal wife up to her ability, a good wife and mother. But she was not the mate for a man of my father's type. Perhaps with a different, more adaptable type of woman, who knows what a different life he might have had? Who knows the load he has carried, outside and at home, carried uncomplainingly, loyally, quietly and bravely for the sake of his children? How many men do you know, who through years of misunderstanding at home, would have stayed loyally by, doing what he considered his duty? Doing his duty in large part, not only without the thankfulness and appreciation from others which we look back and think how often I mistook my father's quietness and apparent indifference to me, when I thought he should have taken more open interest in me as a son, I wonder that he did not weary of the burden long ago — the burden which he carried alone for so long.

My father failed in business seven years ago. Too long he had carried the load of business cares alone, and I, unable or unwilling to admit his failing strength, could not do anything to prevent it. Since his failure in business my father has never been the same. Although he has not "quit" even now, but has been holding a minor clerical position and still keeps on working, he will

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never be the same. He is a broken man, I realize it now — I realize that while most boys expect their father to come to *them*, to look out for *them*, to plan for *them*, to be a companion to *them* — how many boys go to their father, or care enough to give him *their* companionship, and try to learn some of life's deepest lessons in bravery, and loyalty and faithful fulfilling of responsibility, by cultivating an intimate association with *him!* For in spite of any outward appearances, oftentimes he is only waiting to have that boy come to him and show his desire for his companionship. What a loss such boys may suffer if they deny themselves the right to go to that father if, no matter what the apparent reason, he does not or cannot come to them — and ask for and receive from him the help and inspiration they need!

And why have I written all this? Because I now see my father in his true light. He has made mistakes — he has failed in many ways, he has had innumerable obstacles to contend against. But I say today that my father has *never faltered* when it came to doing his duty, he has been brave and strong and true, he has kept a kind heart and a character unblemished, and has bravely hidden many of his bitternesses, when a weaker man would have revealed, or broken under them.

So that is the legacy my father has given me — not perhaps a memory of so much of his companionship and personal care as he might have — had the circumstances of his life been different — but he has taught me indirectly by his *life*, more than by words,— what being a *man* means — to live clean, and brave, and faithfully,— to do your duty as you see it against the greatest of obstacles and in the face of gross misunderstanding and discouragement — to live so that your boy can come day say, even while knowing that some things might have been more wisely done,— "My father was a brave, strong and true man — my *wonderful* father!"

THE FUNNY FAIRY

By Benjamin De Casseres

If you look into the dictionary you can never find out what a fairy is. The etymology of a word is merely the trunk in which it has knocked around from port to port down through the ages.

Nor is the fairy to be found in the inkpot, nor still less in the woods at dawn — not real fairies; not the fairies that dance in the eyes of children, or peep from the mischievous dimples in the chins and cheeks of women.

For all fairies are not romantic or given to doing miracles. The fairies that Alice saw when she stepped into the Looking Glass were rather serious beings.

There are funny fairies, laughing fairies, pranky fairies, humorous fairies, of which Puck may be called the father.

Nothing will cure the "blues" and transmute failure into a hearty laugh like the possession of one of these little Funny Fairies in your brain.

This Funny Fairy is probably nature's sense of proportion. It is the little jinx in the nerves and will that whispers: "Grin and bear it!" It is the spirit that urges a man to laugh with those who are laughing at him. Prestol The snag is gone.

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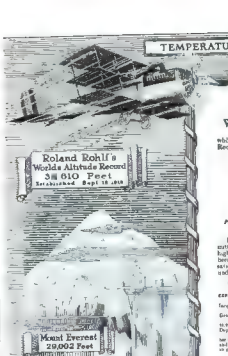

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That's a cough with a croupy rattle, so hurry for the Musterole and rub it in right over the chest and neck. How it will tingle at first and then grow ever so cool. And how it will reach in and penetrate right to the spot! It will dispate all the stuffy congestion which causes that hacking cough.

Why *shouldn't* grandmother swear by Musterole for colds and coughs? It is better than a mustard plaster—good as *that* was in the old days. And the explanation is this:

Musterole is made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates under the skin, down to the part. Here it generates its own heat, and this heat disperses the congestion. Yet Musterole will not blister. Musterole, on the contrary, feels delightfu ly cool a few seconds after you apply it.

Try Musterole for Bobby and Helen and Dorothy's croup—and for your own cough, too. Try it for rheumatism it's a regular router out of all congestions. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Clevelnnd, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

High School Course in Two Years
Learn at home, in spare time.
Here's com. ete 4-y ar, 3-fold high school course that you can finish in two years. Meets requirements for entrance to all leading colleges and professional schools. Meets the needs of the man or woman who wants a better business position. Send for free booklet and full particulars. No obligation whatever. Write today.
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. H-872 Chicago, U. S. A.

$3,000.00 IN ONE YEAR
Make it repairing automobiles
This Bunch of Keys Will Make Several Dollars Profit
Each Auto Sold Means More Tire Trouble
Haywood Tire & Equipment Company
1240-52 North Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

OF CHILDREN, BY CHILDREN, FOR CHILDREN

How juvenile government is working in Omaha

IN the city of Omaha, one does not have to be twenty-one to practice the principles of democratic government. The boys and the girls on the municipal playgrounds have their officers, their elections, their duties and responsibilities. With interest and zeal, they are carrying on a miniature government — and it works!

This Junior Government arose from the idea of the playground superintendents that the boys and girls would be more interested in the affairs of their city, if a government similar to that in vogue in Omaha were established on each playground and the children themselves held the executive positions. Also, the fact that they had a voice in the administration of the playground would lead to greater cooperation particularly among the older children.

Each playground elects a "City Commission" of seven, the candidate receiving the highest vote, to be Mayor. The Commissioners meet with the supervisor of the playground, when the following departments are assigned: Police, Public Improvements, Park, Fire and Water Supply, Health and Sanitation, Athletics.

Duties of each commissioner are outlined by the supervisor, and each commissioner is authorized to call on a sufficient number of assistants to perform the duties of the office.

Whenever a "stunt" or program is to be conducted at any playground, the commissioners meet to talk over plans for the event and decide on a course to pursue. Of course, at all times, the supervisor is the supreme authority, but by adroit suggestion, she can make it appear as though the children themselves were the originators of the plan decided upon.

A Police Commissioner of zeal was John O'Connor, a seventeen year old patron of the Clifford playground. This playground had been dominated for some time by a gang of older boys, who were unruly and cared not for authority. John had been a member of the gang, but when chosen Police Commissioner, he dropped out of the inner circle and took account of himself. At first, he hesitated to accept the office, saying that it was a "kid stunt" and that he wouldn't be a member of the Junior Commission, with the younger children who were elected with him.

However, a change soon became apparent in John, and it was noticed that he threw his influence on the side of right, and against the mischievous pranks of the older gang. Soon, he began to issue orders to those who violated the rules of the playground, and before long it was common knowledge that anyone who wouldn't "toe" the mark and play square on the Gifford playground would have to settle with John. As he was a husky lad, and a rather effective with his fists, the "settling" generally ended with John a victor. Government by force worked.

No other playground had the "gang" problem to contend with, so fortunately as of the Police Commissioners did not find it necessary to adopt such heroic measures to enforce discipline.

Joe Johnstone, aged 13, was chosen Mayor of Benson playground, situated in a suburban corner of the City. The Benson playground is on a small tract of land, use of which was donated by a public spirited citizen of Benson. Joe took his office seriously, and was deeply interested in everything concerning the playground. When the water fountain at the Benson playground was turned off because of improper connections, the young Mayor did not wait for water department laborers to restore the connections, but hurried to the City Hall to take up the matter with the proper authorities, so there would be no delay.

When the playground season closed at Benson, a few supplies were left in the shelter house, which was locked up. Someone broke the lock on the door and the supplies began to disappear. Ever alert where the playground was concerned, Joe immediately discovered the fact, and moved all of the remaining supplies to his home, then notified the park department officials. A saving of a considerable sum of money was thus effected by the prompt action of the youthful Mayor.

The political boss early made an appearance in the "Junior Government" campaign. At Clearview playground, in a settlement of foreign born packing house laborers, a certain young man whose name is not necessary in telling the story, was anxious to become the Police Commissioner. To that end, he began soliciting votes. Gifts of candy, chewing gum and other small dainties were made, until the supervisor put a stop to his campaign methods. The "vote buying" candidate was defeated at the election, but at the next election at Clearview playground, this year, when he ran on a "square" platform, he was successful.

Although all these instances are about boys, do not suppose that the girls were left out. Equal suffrage prevails on the playgrounds; in fact, more girls were elected to office than boys. On the whole, they took a greater interest in the Junior Government than the boys, although the feminine officers were not as active or quite as effective as were the boys.

The plan to have the Mayor and City Commissioners of Omaha meet with all the Junior Commissioners was not carried out. Next season, however, they expect to have several conferences between the real City Commissioners and the Junior Commissioners. For so satisfactory has been the working out of the Junior Government that Omaha expects not only to continue it but also to elaborate it.

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MARCH OF RED CROSS

(*Continued from Page 60*)

IT is a Europe which has changed mightily, too, since the armistice, so far as our Red Cross is concerned. Famine no longer threatens Roumania. The great Serbian railway from Salonica to Belgrade is open once more, simplifying by fifty percent the enormous motor transportation difficulties. Railway communications to Budapesth and Warsaw and Dantzig are uninterrupted. All southern Russia lies open to health measures and there is terrible need of them behind Denikine's army. The new Polish border in Russia has reached Minsk finally. Esthonia has become a visible entity. The Austrian Empire has vanished almost completely and Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary have appeared.

Thus, bad as they still are, conditions throughout the bulk of the stricken districts of Europe and Asia, are gradually clearing up. Indeed, the day is not far distant when it will be possible to leave the conduct and direction of relief and rebuilding to local authorities, under the supervision of the governments of the old and the newly created states. So splendid and so unfaltering has been the work of the Red Cross through many weary months, that the lessons *had* to be learned against the day when it would be necessary to go it alone.

IN many places refugee clothing and layettes for babies are still needed and the Balkans still sadly need doctors and nurses and American assistance must tide them over in this respect for some little time to come. But meanwhile the governments themselves are taking up the question of training native physicians and surgeons, and the Red Cross is undertaking part of the training. Czecho-Slovakia has already launched an intelligent national program, guided by the different Red Cross examples. The Serbians are gradually getting into position to take over the chains of hospitals and dispensaries we have established and will run them under Red Cross direction for a necessary length of time. And everywhere a constructive program of public health education along sound but simple lines is being substituted for individual relief, the amount of Red Cross assistance varying according to the position each government finds itself in.

THE time is already in sight, indeed, when an extended medical programme will comprise the entire American Red Cross effort in Europe, its goal the universal coordination of health agencies everywhere in the fight against world wide disease, with the League of Red Cross societies the controlling and stimulating force in international health affairs. Sir David Henderson, director-general of the League, has recently been in this country and has told how the organization will thus function.

EVERYWHERE, except in parts of Asia, a new day seems to be dawning. A new conception has taken hold of the world where health methods are concerned, whether it be in the smallest American rural chapter or in a distant Balkan town.

The new Red Cross has come to stay.

Pretty Teeth
Are White Teeth—Free From Film

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Film is What Discolors

When teeth discolor it means that film is present. That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is a stain absorber. When tartar forms it is due to the film. The film clings to the teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Remove that film and teeth will glisten in their natural whiteness.

Film causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The tooth brush alone does not end film. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. That is why the old-way brushing fails to save the teeth.

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat that film. Many clinical tests under able authorities have proved it beyond question. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we are supplying a ten-day test free to anyone who asks.

Watch the Teeth Whiten

We ask you to send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. It will be a revelation.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Until lately this method was impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. It has been submitted to four years of laboratory tests. Now pepsin, combined with other Pepsodent ingredients, gives us for the first time an efficient film destroyer.

It is important that you know it. To you and yours it means safer, whiter teeth. Cut out the coupon—now, before you forget it—and see the effects for yourself.

PAT OFF
Pepsodent
REG U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

257

Send the Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 257, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address .....

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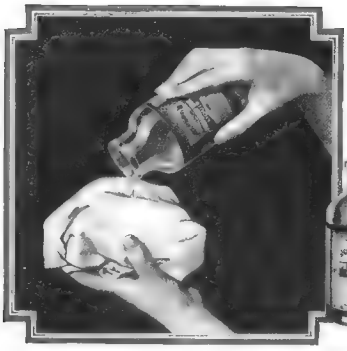

The Simple Way~

THE easy, practical way to polish and preserve finished surfaces is with **Johnson's Prepared Wax** and a cloth—you don't need brushes, sprays or mops of any kind. Simply apply the Wax with a cloth—very little rubbing is required to produce an exquisite, lustrous polish of great beauty and durability.

Johnson's Prepared Wax gives perfect results over any finish—varnish, shellac, oil, etc. It imparts a hard, dry, velvety polish which is impervious to water, dust, scratches, heelmarks, finger-prints, etc The finish obtained is always sanitary, durable and disinfecting.

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

Paste - Liquid - Powdered

Johnson's Prepared Wax is not only a polish, but a wonderful preservative—it forms a thin, protecting film over the varnish, similar to the service rendered by a piece of plate glass over a desk, table or dresser-top.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is made in paste, liquid and powdered form. We recommend the **Liquid Wax** for polishing furniture, leather goods, woodwork and automobiles. Use the **Paste Wax** for polishing floors of all kinds—wood, linoleum, tile and marble.

For a perfect Dancing Surface

Just sprinkle **Johnson's Powdered Wax** over any surface—marble, tile, wood, composition, etc. The feet of the dancers will spread the Wax, polishing the floor and immediately putting it in perfect condition for dancing. Conveniently put up in shaker top cans.
Insist upon your dealer supplying you with "**Johnson's.**" Do not accept a substitute.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

For Linoleum

For Floors

For Tables

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Practice Putting on— WEED TIRE CHAINS in the Garage

It only takes a few moments to attach them when you know how. No jack required. Study the directions. Practice makes perfect. No danger of injury to tires.

THE careful driver regularly gives his car "the once over" every few days before he takes it out of the garage. He gives a turn or two to the grease cups—tests out the brakes, sees that there is a sufficient supply of oil, water and gasoline and that the batteries are in good condition, etc. By so doing he is assured, barring accidents, that he will have no trouble on the road. But—

HOW few there are that pay the slightest attention to the proper method of attaching Weed Tire Chains

Rain comes on, the road and pavements suddenly become slippery and treacherous—the car slips or skids—the Weed Chains, carried in nearly every tool box, are hauled out and a hundred to one the driver has only a hazy idea how to attach them. He fumbles around, gets hot under the collar and falsely accuses them of being a nuisance.

Women drivers are very numerous nowadays. They are driving out into the country over all sorts of roads—*they surely need protection against the dangerous skid.* How many of them know how to put on Weed Chains? Have you ever instructed your wife, your sister or your daughter?

The directions for attaching Weed Chains are simple yet most important. Avoid annoyances on the road—learn how easy it is to put them on correctly—*practice in the garage* and give the women instruction. It will amply repay you in security, satisfaction and comfort.

Printed instructions for attaching Weed Chains are packed in every bag—If you desire a copy write us and we will gladly mail it to you.

Weed Chains are also made to meet the demand for an efficient traction and anti-skid device for trucks equipped with single and dual solid tires or with the very large pneumatic tires. They are so constructed that they satisfactorily meet the requirements of heavy truck service in mud, sand or snow.

Observe these three fundamentals

Lay chains over wheel with hooks toward rear, and tuck the slack under front part of wheel.

Start car forward just enough to run over slack ends.

Hook chains as tightly as possible by hand.

Do Not Anchor

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

General Sales Office: Grand Central Terminal, New York City

District Sales Offices. Boston Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburg Portland, Ore. San Francisco

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Special recipes are not necessary for using Mazola. Use any of your own—and with less Mazola than of butter or lard.

Being 100% pure fat—containing no water or air—Mazola is not only less wasteful, but you use ¼ to ⅓ less Mazola for shortening, as in pie crusts, biscuits, etc.

And after using Mazola for deep-fat frying you can use it over and over again—it carries no flavors or odors. Another remarkable economy feature that has made Mazola the most popular of cooking oils.

FREE Every housewife should have a copy of the interesting 68-page Corn Products Cook Book. Beautifully illustrated and full of information for good cooking. Write for it today.

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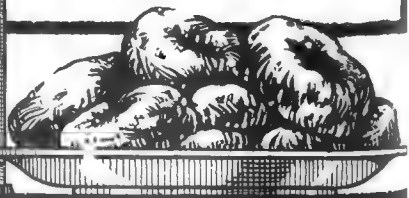

MAZOLA

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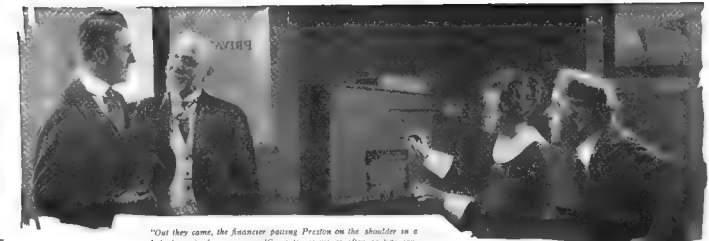

"Out they came, the financier pausing Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way *"Come to see me as often as you can Mr. Preston, and remember that I'll back you to the limit"*

The Most Convincing Talker I Ever Met

Everywhere this man goes, people shower him with favors and seek his friendship. Things which other people ask for and are refused, he gets instantly. How he does it is told in this amazing story.

LET me ask you this: There is a big business deal to be put through. It involves millions of dollars. Putting it through depends wholly on one thing—getting the backing of a great financier.

But this man is bitterly opposed to your idea and to your associates. Seven of the most able men and women in all America have tried to win over this financier. They failed dismally and completely.

Now, could you, a total stranger to this man, walk in on him unannounced, talk for less than an hour, and then have him take your arm as a token of friendship, and give you a signed letter agreeing to back you to the limit?

Could you?

ASTOUNDING? Yes! But it WAS done. And I'll tell you how. Here is the way it all came about. For a long time the directors of our company had felt the handicap of limited capital. We had business in sight running into a million dollars a month. But we couldn't finance this volume of sales. We simply had to get big backing, and that was all there was to it.

Because of trade affiliations, one man — a great financier in New York controlled the situation. Win him over and the rest was easy. But how to win him?—that was the question. No less than five men and two women—all people of influence and reputation—had tried. They were all repulsed turned down cold and flat.

You know how a thing of this sort grows on you and how bitter utter defeat is. Well, we were talking it over at a board meeting when one of our directors announced that he knew ok-only one man who could possibly put through the deal—a man by the name of Preston.

So it was agreed that Preston was to be sounded out at luncheon the following day. He proved to be a fine type of American. At 45 years of age he had become president and majority stockholder of a thriving manufacturing business rated at three-quarters of a million dollars.

Preston was deeply interested, as anyone would be over the prospect of closing such a big deal. The director in question said casually, "Why don't you run down to New York and take a shot at it, Preston?" Preston looked out of the window for a moment, and then quietly answered, "You're on."

I WENT along with Preston simply as a matter of form to represent our interests. About the 10:25 train out of Chicago we headed for the smoker and got to talking with the crowd there.

Then I noticed something. Preston had dominated them all. Everyone was eagerly hanging on his words, and looking at him with open admiration. No sooner would he stop talking than one of the men would start him up again. And as the men dropped off at stations along the way they gave Preston their cards, with pressing invitations to look them up. No doubt about it, Preston was THE man aboard that car.

The Pullman porter, too, came under his sway. For that night, when the berths were being made up, the porter came unasked to Preston, told him that his berth was right over the car trucks, and insisted upon changing it to a more comfortable one.

And so it went all the way to New York. Every one who met Preston took a great liking to him the instant he spoke. They seemed to be eager for his companionship—wanted to be with him every minute, openly admired him, and loaded him with favors.

Even the usual haughty room clerk at the hotel showed a great interest in Preston's welfare. He showered us with attention while a long line of people waited to register.

The next morning we called on the great financier—the man we were to battle against as one and had flatly turned down seven of our shrewd influential representatives.

I waited in the reception room—nervous, restless, with pins and needles running up and down my spine. Surely Preston would meet the same humiliating fate!

But no! In less than an hour out they came, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. And then I heard the surprising words, "Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, *and remember that I'll back you to the limit.*"

AT the hotel that night sleep wouldn't come. I couldn't get the amazing Preston out of my thoughts. Such tremendous power over men's minds he had. Didn't even have to ask for what he wanted—people actually competed for his attention, anticipated his wishes and eagerly met them. What a man! What power! Then the tremendous possibilities of it all—think what could be done with such power!

What was the secret? For secret there must be to the first thing next morning I hurried to Preston's room, told him my thoughts, and asked him the secret of his power.

Preston laughed good-naturedly. "Nothing to it—I—well—that—is—" he stalled. "I don't like to talk about myself, but I've simply mastered the knack of talking convincingly, that's all."

"But how did you get the knack?" I persisted.

Preston smiled, and said, "Well, there's an organization in New York that tells you exactly how to do it. *It's amazing.* There's really nothing to study. It's mostly a knack which they tell you. You can learn this knack in a few hours. And in less than a week it will produce definite results in your daily work.

"Wrote to this organization The Independent Corporation—and get their method. They send it on free trial. I'll wager that in a few weeks from now you'll have a power over men which you never thought possible . . . but write and see for yourself. And that was all I could get out of the amazing Preston.

WHEN I returned home I sent for the method Preston told me about. It opened my eyes and astounded me. Just how he had won over the financier was now as clear as day to me. I began to apply the method to my daily work, and soon I was able to wield the same remarkable power over men and women that Preston had. I don't like to talk about my personal achievements any more than you do, but I'll say this:

When you have acquired the knack of talking convincingly, it is easy to get people to do anything you want them to do. That's how Preston impressed those people on the train: how he got special attention from the hotel clerk—how he won over the financier—simply by talking convincingly.

This knack of talking convincingly well-the words-for any man or woman. Most people are afraid to express their thoughts; they know the humiliation of talking to people and of being ignored with a casual nod one, "yes" or "no." But when you can talk convincingly, it's different. *When you talk people listen and listen eagerly.* You can get people to do almost anything you want them to do. And the beauty of it all is that they think they are doing it of their own free will.

In committee meetings, or in a crowd of any sort you can exert the attention of all when you talk. You can force them to accept your ideas. It helps wonderfully in writing business letters—enables you to write sales letters that amaze everyone by the big orders they pull in.

Then again it helps in social life. Interesting and entertaining talk is the basis of social success. At social affairs you'll always find that the convincing talker is the center of attraction, and that people go out of their way to "make up" to him.

Talk convincingly and no man—no matter who he is—will ever treat you with cold, unconscious indifference. Instead, you'll instantly get under his skin, make his heart glow and set fire to his enthusiasms. Talk convincingly and any man—even a stranger—will treat you like an old pal and will literally take the shirt off his back to please you.

You can get anything you want if you know how to talk convincingly. You've noticed that in business ability alone won't get you much. Many a man of real ability, who cannot express himself well, is often outdistanced by a man of mediocre ability who knows how to talk convincingly. There's no getting away from it, to get ahead—merely to hold your own—to get what your ability entitles you to, *you've got to know how to talk convincingly.*

THE method Preston told me about is Dr Law's "Mastery of Speech," published by the Independent Corporation. Such confidence have the publishers in the ability of Dr Law's method to make you a convincing talker that they will gladly send it to you wholly on approval

You needn't send any money—not a cent Merely mail the coupon, or write a letter, and the complete Course "Mastery of Speech," will be sent you by return mail, all charges prepaid If you are not entirely satisfied with it, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing

But if it pleases you, as it has pleased thousands of others, then send only five dollars in full payment. You take no risk. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose So mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn

Independent Corporation

Publishers of the Independent Weekly

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Please send me Dr Frederick Hoke Law's "Mastery of Speech," a Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking in eight lessons. I will either remail the Course to you within five days after its receipt, or send you $5 in full payment of the Course

Name .....

Address .....

Red Cross—12-19

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Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Beats Them All! The New "TEA-FOIL" PACKAGE

It's soft and pliable—decreases in size as the tobacco is used—tobacco does not cake in the package—no digging it out with the finger. Keeps the tobacco in even better condition than tin. Now, don't you owe it to yourself to buy a package and give Tuxedo a trial?—Not quite as much tobacco as in the tin, *but*—

10c

also sold in

Curved Pocket Tin—16c

RIZ LA CROIX—The lightest, thinnest, finest, strongest cigarette papers in all the world. Roll a Tuxedo cigarette with RIZ LA CROIX.

Finest Burley Tobacco
Mellow-aged till perfect
Plus* a dash of *Chocolate

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

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Columbia Grafonola

The Christmas Present that Fills the Year

The Columbia Grafonola and Columbia Records will put real, heart-filling joy into your Christmas.

And they will carry the glad Christmas spirit on through all the year. For Columbia music is joyous music—new, sparkling dance records, the latest song hits, gems of grand opera, popular and classic selections played by the world's greatest bands and orchestras.

Columbia Records mirror magically the voice of the singer. The Grafonola makes every record a joy, so pure and clear is its tone

Standard Models, $25 to $300; Period Designs, $300 to $2100.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, New York
London Factory: 102 Clerkenwell Road, E. C.

Ask your dealer for a copy of the Columbia Novelty Record Booklet, containing the music of many lands.

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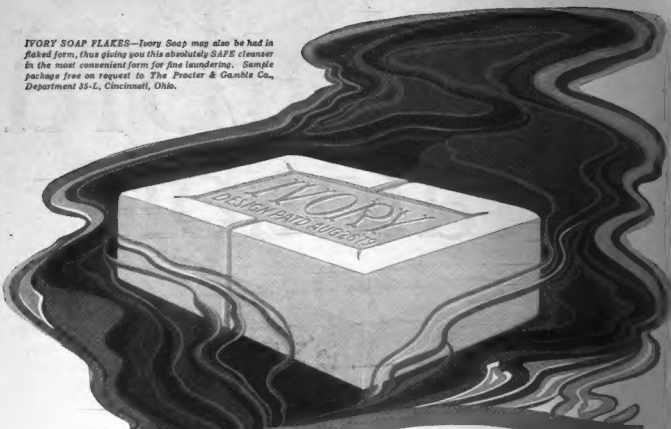
IVORY SOAP FLAKES—Ivory Soap may also be had in flaked form, thus giving you this absolutely SAFE cleanser in the most convenient form for fine laundering. Sample package free on request to The Procter & Gamble Co., Department 35-L, Cincinnati, Ohio.



IT FLOATS

IVORY SOAP has *all* the good qualities that anybody could want in a soap for personal use. It is mild; it is white; it is pure; it is delicately fragrant; it lathers copiously; it does not dry on the skin; it rinses easily and completely; and it FLOATS.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 % PURE

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To be fashionable a cigarette need not be expensive. In fact, at most exclusive clubs and smart hotels the preference is for a relatively inexpensive cigarette—Fatima.

Of course, it is only logical that Fatima should appeal to the discriminating smoker, for, not only does Fatima's "just-enough-Turkish" blend lack the oily heaviness of the expensive, straight Turkish cigarette, but it retains, at the same time, a smoothness and richness not to be found in blends less fortunately balanced.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

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E. C. SIMMONS

KEEN KUTTER

CUTLERY AND TOOLS

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Shaving Set No. KJ 109

Intrinsic Value

—not cost—is the measure of acceptability of Christmas gifts. KEEN KUTTER Safety Razors and Safety Razor Sets are so priced that they afford a range of selection for as little or as much as you wish to pay.

But, no matter what the cost, the high quality of KEEN KUTTER is the same. Ask your dealer to show you his full line of KEEN KUTTER Safety Razors and Shaving Sets. It will save much worrying over what to get for "him."

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY

"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten"

Trade Mark Registered —E. C. Simmons

THE PERIODICAL PRESS, INC., NEW YORK

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